CURRENT COMMENT

Developing spy drama

From the Pandora's box opened by Attorney General Brownell, when he charged on Nov. 6 that former President Truman had knowingly appointed a spy to public office, continued to flow distrubing and unforeseen developments. There was the request of the Jenner committee to interview Igor Gouzenko, the one-time Soviet code clerk in the Russian Embassy at Ottawa whose revelations broke the Kremlin's international atomic spy ring. Since the request had to go through diplomatic channels, the effect was to project Secretary of State Dulles into a leading role on the ever widening stage. It was immediately obvious that the Canadian Government was disinclined to cooperate with whatever the Jenner committee had in mind, and in this stand was warmly supported by the country. By the time Ottawa finally consented, under certain conditions, to permit the Gouzenko interview, the former Soviet clerk was reported to be unwilling to talk. The incident has not improved U. S.-Canadian relations. Secretary Dulles was also at the center of a second development. At a news conference on Dec. 1, he strongly attacked the views on foreign policy which Senator McCarthy had advanced in his telecast answer to Mr. Truman on the night of Nov. 24. Making it very clear to reporters that he spoke only after consulting President Eisenhower, and with his full approval, Mr. Dulles said that the criticism he referred to was not constructive but attacked "the very heart of U. S. foreign policy." Observed the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune's* Roscoe Drummond the next morning in his syndicated column:

> Those who know something of the thinking within the Eisenhower Administration are convinced that the President will deal further with the McCarthy challenge, in his own terms, before the opening of Congress.

At his press conference on Dec. 2, the President, rushing to Mr. Dulles' support, made that prediction look good. In dealing with our allies, he said, we will not adopt "blustering and domineering" tactics.

The big blow at Bermuda

We hope we shall not be thought too fanciful in suggesting that there was something symbolic about the raging tropical storm that hit Bermuda Dec. 1 on the eve of Sir Winston Churchill's arrival there for the Big Three conference. It put us in mind of the Soviet note of Nov. 26 agreeing to a four-Power conference of Foreign Ministers just when the Big Three had decided that the Reds were dead set against any negotiations. That storm over Bermuda could hardly have tossed things about as badly as did Molotov's missive. The windy note from Moscow disarranged the agenda at one blow. Instead of devoting four days to a much-needed discussion of how to complete the defenses of the West and concert their policies in preparation for an indefinite continuance of the cold war, the Bermuda conferees were forced to give the shrewdly timed Soviet note top priority. There was no denying that it was Molotov's masterpiece. Not only did it usurp valuable conference time. It also threatened to increase the very differences the Big Three were met to compose. By its reiterated opposition to the European Defense Community and its hints that the German problem might be otherwise solved, it was calculated to stiffen French resistance to early action on EDC. Its declared intention of bringing up at the proposed meeting a later conference which would include Red China could provoke argument between the President and the Prime Minister. Indeed the effort needed just to offset the divisive effects of Molotov's note might well take all the energies of the conferees. Be that as it may, we hope that the note's concentration on Germany will not beguile them into ignoring other problems, notably Austria and disarmament. It is high time the common peril posed by the arms race be discussed on a level higher than the futile UN Disarmament Commission.

Mr. Dulles on Soviet security pacts

In their note of Nov. 26, the Russians suggested, ever so delicately, that a way might be found at the four-Power ministers' meeting to make NATO and EDC unnecessary by "appropriate" agreements against aggression. The little worth of such mutual security agreements was graphically revealed during the hearings which began Nov. 30 before the Kersten Select Committee of the House to investigate the seizure and forced incorporation of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia by the USSR. All three Baltic republics had mutual assistance pacts with the Soviets, but all of them were taken over in 1940. Secretary Dulles, the first witness at the hearings, openly related that record of perfidy to the present Soviet proposals:

> Today, the Soviet leaders still ask the free peoples to accept and rely on Soviet mutual security pacts. We should know by now that when the Soviet rulers use the word "security" they mean an opportunity for the Soviet Union to secure new victims.

Since Sir Winston Churchill will probably suggest at Bermuda that the West offer Russia a Locarno-type nonaggression pact, Mr. Dulles' further words are not only significant but encouraging:

> The captive peoples should know that they are not forgotten, that we are not reconciled to their

fate and, above all, that we are not prepared to seek illusory safety for ourselves by a bargain with their masters which would confirm their captivity.

The only nonaggression pact the Bermuda conferees should consider is one that assumes the continuation of NATO and EDC and does *not* assume the sanctity of the present frontiers of the Soviet Empire.

Fog over the Seine

How goes it with France, "the sick man of Europe"? As Bermuda approached, it was not even clear whether the French would have a Premier to send to the conference. But on Nov. 27, after three days of frantic phrasing of a resolution on the European Defense Community, the Government of M. Joseph Laniel received a paper-thin vote of confidence in the National Assembly by a count of 275-244, with more than one hundred of the 627 deputies abstaining. The resolution authorized M. Laniel to continue his "policy of construction of a united Europe." However, behind this vague formula there writhed fear of Germany, neutralism, national indecision and calculated ambiguity. The affair dramatized the tragic reluctance of France to join a European Army along with West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg, or, in fact, to go along with any of the forms of European integration thus far proposed. This "confidence" vote, therefore, merely postponed the great debate. Will France finally approve EDC? Reports from Paris indicate that slightly more than the needed majority of 314 deputies will oppose EDC when the issue is finally raised. Meantime, at the end of November, the Hague Conference of Foreign Ministers of the six nations concerned with EDC was badly crippled by the enforced absence of the French Foreign Minister, Georges Bidault, and by anxiety over the future status of France in the European community. It is time for the French to choose. Would new elections clear the air? All those who love France hope that with the naming of the new President of the Republic on Dec. 17 she will at last face realistically the challenge of the times.

De Gaulle darkens counsel

General de Gaulle broke a long silence on Nov. 12 at a press conference in Paris. Timing his words to influence the voting of the National Assembly on EDC, the hero of the Resistance showed himself a disappointed and confused observer of the international scene. He made no secret of his frustration: "How many failures have marked my public life!" But his own failures, said the general, spell the failure of a France which would not heed him. The conference contained this remarkable self-revelation:

> During the war, in the darkest testing time, I sometimes allowed myself to think: "Perhaps my mission consists of remaining in our history as the last thrust toward the heights. Perhaps I shall have written the last pages in the story of our greatness."

Today, instead of thrusting "toward the heights," de Gaulle seems to be pushing his head into a blinding sack full of sour grapes, rancor and obstructionism. EDC, he says, is all wrong. France should have formed what the general proposed years ago—a confederation of states, England included, which would have avoided American domination and could have held the Germans in check. Rather than join the Germans in "this artificial monster, this robot, this Frankenstein which is called the [European] Community," de Gaulle would prefer France, the natural mediator, to conclude "an arrangement" with Russia. The general's own experience should give him better counsel. He may indeed be writing the last pages in the history of France's greatness.

Forced labor is a world concern

Even the coldly official language of the Report of the UN Ad Hoc Committee on Forced Labor cannot conceal the enormity of slave labor in Russia and the satellite countries. The 620-page report was prepared by a three-man committee set up by the UN Economic and Social Council with the cooperation of the International Labor Office. The committee set out to examine whether there are in the world

> systems of forced or "corrective" labor which are employed as a means of political coercion or punishment for holding or expressing political views and which are on such a scale as to constitute an important element in the economy of a given country.

To do this it examined the laws of the various nations and their application, and took additional evidence from individuals and organizations. Its conclusions, given after study of each of the Communist-dominated countries, are sickeningly the same:

> There is in Poland [read Russia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, any satellite state] legislation which enables . . . authorities to detain persons in forced labor camps and homes if, under a system of procedure which severely limits the right of the defense, they are found guilty of various offenses to which very broad definitions have been given . . . [and] provision is made under Polish legislation for recourse to be had . . . to various methods of constraint . . . backed by penalties, in order to obtain and allocate a labor force.

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The committee is constrained to state of each country that it cannot estimate the number of slave labor camps nor the number of persons detained. Marek Korowicz, who bolted the UN Polish delegation on Sept. 17, claims that in Poland 300,000 are subjected to slave labor, 30 per cent of them women. On Nov. 27, the General Assembly's Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee voted to bring forced labor to debate in the UN in 1954 "as a matter of urgency." The vote was 36 to 5—the 5 in the negative representing you know whom.

The atrocities in Korea

The nations in the UN whose attitude toward the Communist threat in Asia has so often bordered on softness must have received quite a jolt on Nov. 30. On that date U. S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. unfolded the grim, official story of the atrocities inflicted on soldier and civilian alike behind enemy lines during the three-year Korean war. The report proved to be the most horrifying record of man's inhumanity to man since the case histories of Nazi cruelties brought out during the Nuremberg trials. It would be easy to give way to emotional outbursts over the histories of 38,000 men, women and children, including 6,113 American soldiers, who were shot in cold blood, bayoneted, starved or left to die of exposure, disease and exhaustion. Hysteria, however, will avail nothing. There is little that can be done at the moment in the way of obtaining justice. We can only place the facts before the world, as Ambassador Lodge did with convincing eloquence. But even that little may accomplish much. When Russian delegate Andrei Vishinsky had his innings on the day following Ambassador Lodge's speech, he trotted out the expected series of denials and counter-accusations. He was, however, at a disadvantage. All he had to offer was the usual propaganda. The U. S. delegation had files stacked twenty feet high and crammed with evidence, irrefutable for anyone who cared to examine the data with an open mind. If the atrocity reports awaken the free world to a newer appreciation of the reality of the Communist menace in Asia, our soldiers who were callously slain and tortured in Korea will not have suffered in vain. Toward this end, the atrocity hearings now in progress before a Senate subcommittee should be given the widest possible publicity.

Guaranteed annual wages

Though the late Philip Murray agitated for years for a "guaranteed annual wage," most observers refused to take him seriously. Murray was regarded as a practical, bread-and-butter man who was too sophisticated to go off on some purely idealistic tangent. If he talked guaranteed wages, the observers said, he did so only to have another weapon in his bargaining arsenal. At some point in negotiations with management, Murray would trade guaranteed wages for something he really wanted. The fact is that the late CIO leader was very serious about shifting wage payments from an hourly to an annual basis. Until this was done, he did not see how workers would ever be free from that feeling of insecurity which is so widespread in modern industrial society. Other CIO leaders agreed with him, notably Walter Reuther, the present head of the CIO, and David McDonald, who stepped into Murray's shoes as president of the United Steelworkers. Already these men, who are sparking the current drive for guaranteed wages, seem to have succeeded where Murray failed. Their demands are being seriously regarded. Recently, the Commerce Clearing House warned clients that annual wages would be a major bargaining point this year in labor-management negotiations. This organization, which has a nation-wide business clientele, went so far as to say that today "the guaranteed annual wage is at the historical position occupied [not long ago] by the pension movement." Though that warning may overestimate the scope and immediacy of the new challenge to management, it does show at least that guaranteed wages are now looked upon as a real issue and not as just another counter in the bargaining game.

Disappearing family farm

The encouragement of family-type farms is a major plank in the program of the Catholic Rural Life Conference. Papal statements, too, unwearyingly exhort us not to allow economic or other considerations to override the essential values inherent in family farming, both as a way of life and fulfilment of the ideal of wider distribution of private property. It is, consequently, with profound concern that we witness the continuing trend from farm to city. The usual explanations of this trend include technological progress, rapid extension of farming to areas more suited to mechanized operations, the depression of the 1930's. A new explanation was reported by J. H. Carmical in the New York *Times* for Nov. 15. Contending that an accelerating factor is high parity prices with acreage restrictions, he reasons that acreage limitations work severer hardship on small farmers than on the large-scale farmers. The latter are financially able to intensify cultivation of the supported acres and often to shift the nonsupported acres to other marketable crops. Whatever the reasons for the trend, the trend is there and, we repeat, it is highly disturbing. Since 1933 one million farm units have disappeared, entailing the loss of 6 million farm population. Cash farm income is being concentrated in fewer and fewer hands—the hands of the big commercial farmers. In 1949 there were 3,706,000 commercial farms, *i.e.*, farms deriving the bulk of cash income from crops. Of the net income of $12.7 billion received by these farms, 484,000, or 13 per cent, got slightly over half. The top 103,000 received 26 per cent of the total, or an average of $56,000. Three million farms got the rest, with the 700,000 farms at the bottom reporting cash incomes ranging from $1,200 down to $250. Here is a development which the Administration, in formulating its new farm program, ought not to overlook.

Which way social security?

A stormy, Nov. 27 session of the House subcommittee studying the present social-security system saw the first round of what may develop into a major political tussle when Congress meets again next month. Rep. John D. Dingell (D-Mich.) let fly at subcommittee chairman Carl T. Curtis (R-Nebr.), charging that his subpoena action dragging Arthur J. Altmeyer, former social-security chief, before the subcommittee was part of a plan to discredit the whole existing system of social insurance. Altmeyer, a professedly willing witness, and a man often referred to as the "father of Social Security," was brought in "chained and shackled," in the colorful words of Mr. Dingell. The main argument of the day centered around the rights of Congress to dispose as it saw fit of the huge fund, now close to $19 billion, which has accumulated over the years through employer-employe contributions to Old Age and Survivors Insurance. Curtis wanted Altmeyer on the record as admitting that there was no "contract" with the contributors that tied the hands of the Government in its use of the fund. Altmeyer agreed that no "contracts" existed, but added that social security was a "statutory right" held by the 90 million people covered by the system and that the "full credit and faith of the United States was behind it." This line of questioning seemed to be preparing the way for the proposal, identified with the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, to shift the Federal pension operation from its present insurance basis to a system of pay-as-you-go, with all citizens automatically eligible to receive a minimum of $25 a month at age 65. To this radical proposal strong opposition is developing.

Report on films

At the annual meeting of the U. S. hierarchy, recently concluded at Washington, D. C., Most Rev. Michael J. Ready, Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, and chairman of the Committee on Motion Pictures, submitted the annual report of the Legion of Decency on the moral classification of films shown in the United States. Of domestic films, 140 (41.6 per cent) were rated A-I (unobjectionable for general patronage); 124 (37 per cent) were A-II (unobjectionable for adults); 71 (21-plus per cent) were B (objectionable in part for all); one film (*The Moon Is Blue*) was condemned outright. Of 47 foreign-made films, 8 were rated A-I; 18 were A-II; 18 were classified B and 3 were condemned. Noteworthy is the fact that domestic B films rose 4 per cent over last year and foreign B films 20 per cent. Despite this, however, the bishops adopted a special resolution commending the motion picture industry's self-regulation through the Production Code as "a worthy undertaking and one capable of affording vital protection to the whole public, especially youth, against the harmful influence of morally bad motion pictures." Only those who are opposed in principle to all types of censorship will dissent from the warm support which the Church in this country gives to the self-censorship of the film industry.

WHAT NEXT IN GUATEMALA?

The Government of Jacobo Arbenz with its Communist connections is causing serious concern in Washington. On Aug. 28, our State Department protested against the unfair terms and discrimination in the confiscation of United Fruit Company lands. On Oct. 14, John M. Cabot, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, charged that Guatemala was "openly playing the Communist game," and on Nov. 7, John Peurifoy arrived in that country as the new Ambassador, with the implication of a thorough review of U. S.-Guatemalan relations.

Washington is concerned lest the social revolution in Guatemala, which began with the overthrow of the dictator Ubico in 1944, turn into a full-fledged Communist revolution. Ubico for fourteen years had deliberately kept down living standards, prohibited labor unions and blocked land reform. This, in a country where, according to 1950 figures, 2.2 per cent of the people own 70 per cent of the land, and the great masses of Indian peasants live as tenants and sharecroppers. After the 1944 revolution, during José Arevalo's regime of "spiritual socialism," unions were organized, a labor code and social security provided.

Since June, 1952, the revolution has turned to the land. A law ordered the confiscation of large holdings not in cultivation for distribution to the peasants with compensation in 3-per-cent non-negotiable bonds. This program, the Government insists, is not communistic but a means of abolishing feudalism in favor of capitalism in the land system of Guatemala.

The United Fruit Company has become the principal target of the agrarian law. Presently it is threatened with the loss of over 400,000 of the 650,000 acres it has held. A substantial amount has already been distributed. United has protested vainly that the remuneration is unjust, that the lands were reserves necessary because of plant diseases, and that the law was unfairly applied.

In all this the Government encourages Communist support if not actual leadership. It is pointed out that only four of forty-eight deputies in Congress are avowed Communists, that they hold no important Government posts, and that there are only an estimated 1,200 actual cardholders. Yet Communists head the labor unions, enjoy political patronage and run a political party, though the latter is unconstitutional. Most recently they are charged with using the committees administering land reform to build up a political following aimed at taking over the country.

In this situation the United States is at an impasse. It cannot intervene directly without violating its commitments to other American states. Moreover, economic sanctions—a boycott on oil or coffee or bananas—would also cripple U. S. interests. Our Government seems to be looking in another direction. On Oct. 29 it proposed that at the meeting of the American states in Caracas next March measures be devised to prevent the intervention of international communism in the internal affairs of the Americas.

PAUL S. LIETZ

WASHINGTON FRONT

A strange, and potentially dangerous, situation is shaping up for the second session of the 83rd Congress. It has to do with the deadly issue of taxes in an election year. By legislation of previous Congresses, there will be a drop in Government revenue, after April 1, of $8 billion.

The excess profits tax lapses on December 1; that's $2 billion gone. On January 1, income taxes will drop nearly 11 per cent: another $3 billion. Then on April 1, when excise taxes and corporation taxes are reduced, about $3 billion more will go. To add to this headache, Chairman Dan Reed of the House Ways and Means Committee has a bill ready which he estimates will "save the taxpayer" $1.5 billion. And to make matters worse, in its mid-November report the Internal Revenue Service recorded that corporation taxes since July 1 were $1 billion under last year. Things are worse and worse.

They are complicated by the fact that so many Congressmen were elected last year on a platform of a balanced budget and lowered taxes. The illogicality of such a chimeric proposal was not so evident then as now, but the fact is that last year millions of voters bought it.

Now it is a truism in American politics that in an election year you never vote to raise taxes but always to lower them. Moreover, Congressmen who have been back home some months now have undoubtedly rediscovered the old truth that to the average citizen the concept of a balanced budget is a vague and nebulous one, somebody else's headache, while income and excise taxes are to him a pressing and ever present one. So most Congressmen are probably returning to Washington disposed to allow him to take the cash and let the balance go.

Where does this leave the Administration, whose responsibility it is to preserve the credit of the Government? In a deep hole, it seems to me. Last spring, Secretary Humphrey and his associates at the Treasury undoubtedly saw this mess brewing, and came to the only conclusion: borrow more money. But there was that $275-billion ceiling on the public debt set by Congress. Since they also foresaw that by January 1 the debt would be touching the ceiling, they asked Congress to raise it to $290 billion. Congress refused, as is known.

Sure enough, by November 1, the debt was less than a billion under the ceiling. By a little fiscal legerdemain, Mr. Humphrey staved off the crisis, but it was a stopgap, and he may even yet have to ask our creditors to let us defer payment on goods we have bought. It is a rather humiliating condition for such a great and wealthy nation as ours to find itself in.

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

Villanova College, Villanova, Pa., was raised to university status Nov. 19 by a decree of the Delaware County Court of Common Pleas. The university is conducted by the Augustinians, and its president is Rev. Francis X. N. Maguire. Villanova was founded in 1842 and was incorporated as a college in 1848. Its first class comprised 13 students; its present enrolment is some 2,000 in the day courses and 1,200 in the evening school. While it is predominantly a men's school, its nursing division is open to women.

► The Catholic Press Association will hold a one-day meeting for editors of small-circulation magazines (15,000 or under) Jan. 22, 1954 at the Hotel Roosevelt, New York. One morning and two afternoon panels will discuss editorial matters, circulation, production and art. The $5 registration fee will cover room, lunch, etc. (CPA, 150 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.)

► The Family Allowance League, founded Oct. 5 to promote a "family living wage," has published its first *Newsletter*, a lively, three-page mimeographed job. While FAL is interdenominational, its founders drew much inspiration from Rev. Francis J. Corley, S.J.'s article in the April *Social Order*, "Family Allowances: U. S. Plan." Address inquiries to Family Allowance League, P. O. Box 395, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

► The Raleigh, N. C., Diocese, which embraces the whole State except for one county, has just concluded a successful information campaign designed to eliminate non-Catholic misconceptions about the Catholic Church. North Carolina Catholics number some 29,000 in a State population of 4 million. The campaign was carried on through public lectures, neighborly visits by Catholic laity, ads in newspapers and the distribution of a pamphlet, *It Does Make a Difference.*

► The Catholic University is offering schools a musical audition service by which faculty members of the university will hear and evaluate individual students or choral or band ensembles and be available to instructors for consultation. An audition day will consist of about six hours of auditions, plus time for consultation. Schools may arrange their own schedule of auditions. Fees are $75 per day per auditioner, plus expenses. For details write the Committee on Affiliation and Extension, Catholic University of America, Washington 17, D. C.

► The *Catholic Film Directory* for 1953 is now available from the Catholic Film Center, 29 Salem Way, Yonkers, N. Y. The 32-page directory in loose-leaf binding can be obtained by sending 10c for postage. Supplements are sent free from time to time to those who receive the *Directory*. The Catholic Film Center is interested in hearing of new religious films that may be suitable for Catholic audiences. C. K.

EDITORIALS

Shades of Andrew Carnegie!

Many of the 3,000 people who gathered in three Pittsburgh hotels the night of November 28 to honor a distinguished fellow citizen named David McDonald must have wondered as the affair proceeded whether they were really seeing and hearing what their eyes seemed to see and their ears to hear.

That Pittsburgh should be offering a civic tribute to the president of the United Steelworkers (CIO) was strange enough in itself. Thirty-five years ago, on the morrow of the famous 1919 steel strike—a strike which Judge Elbert Gary, head of U. S. Steel, with the complete support of J. P. Morgan, brutally broke—such a gathering to honor a labor leader would have been unthinkable. It would have been unthinkable even fifteen years ago when the industry was convulsed by the bloody struggle to organize "Little Steel." What must have seemed doubly strange to the diners was the friendly participation of management in such an affair. Some of them could easily remember the days when the steel barons, with the help of the police, regularly drove union organizers out of town. Yet there on the dais at the William Penn Hotel—unless their eyes deceived them—was none other than Benjamin Fairless, successor to Judge Gary as head of "Big Steel," and many another industry bigwig.

If the diners were skeptical of the evidence of their eyes, they must have doubted still more the testimony of their ears. As Mr. McDonald sat there, flanked by civic officials and steel-industry brass, they heard the familiar voice of Mr. Fairless. Labor and management, he said, "are inseparably bound together in a state of economic matrimony." Both sides should seek a better way in industrial relations, banishing recrimination, suspicion, distrust; building "an atmosphere of mutual respect, understanding and confidence in one another." This we can do, Mr. Fairless assured the gathering, by ridding ourselves "of the utterly false idea that our economic interests are in conflict and that therefore we must always try to take something from each other."

Perhaps some of the diners, listening to Mr. Fairless, closed their eyes momentarily and heard in memory's ear another head of "Big Steel." Clearly over the years came the chilling words of Judge Gary on the eve of the bloody 1919 strike: "Our corporation and subsidiaries, although they do not combat labor unionism as such, decline to discuss business with them."

In these postwar years there have been occasions when those who placed their trust in collective bargaining were tempted by the black imp of despair. At times it almost seemed as if some leaders of labor and management, however well-intentioned, were perversely determined to put their worst foot forward. Time and again they unwittingly furnished raw material for Moscow's omnivorous propaganda machine. Such events as the dinner honoring Mr. McDonald are a tonic to a man's spirit. They restore his hope in the ability of free labor and management, inspired by godly principles, to build a humanly satisfying industrial society. They testify to the fundamental soundness of collective bargaining. They show that progress, however hard to detect at times, is actually being made. They hold forth solid promise for the future.

We have no illusions that the way of industrial relations in steel will henceforth be unruffled. Mr. Fairless compared the bond between labor and management to the relationship between husband and wife. That relationship, so we have been told, is not one of undisturbed tranquillity. No matter how true their love and deep their mutual trust, husbands and wives do sometimes disagree and quarrel. To expect more of labor and management is unrealistic. What we can expect is that both parties will strive to keep their quarrels to a minimum, growing steadily meanwhile in that spirit of mutual respect and confidence which, as Mr. Fairless noted, is the key to successful industrial relations.

Toward a broader patriotism

Can an American have a loyalty broader than his own country's borders without being subversive? In Summit, New Jersey, the Board of Education recently eliminated from the school pledge a phrase that some critics had contended was "un-American" and "unpatriotic." For the past fifteen years the children of Summit have referred to themselves in the pledge as "future citizens of the world." From now on, unless the board reverses itself, this phrase will be suppressed. Summit (and a few other communities where similar decisions have been made) apparently doesn't think it is good to inspire our children with any thoughts or ideals implying a range of responsibilities wider than the borders of the United States.

This attitude is in sharp contrast to what we have been demanding of Europeans. Our press comments favorably whenever the youth of France and Germany, as well as of the other countries of Western Europe, furnish manifestations of their European solidarity. Every time customs gates are burned or the "E" flag of Europe is unfurled at an All-Europe rally, we applaud and concur. At the same time we denounce the tardiness of governments to push to completion the projected European Defense Community. We rejoice in the political discomfitures of the Gaullists in France or the Socialists in Germany, since they have come to symbolize the old narrow nationalisms.

Is it true that what is good for Europe is bad for America? To judge from recent statements of leading European Catholics, the obligation to look beyond one's own frontiers is a moral imperative and not just a

political or economic one. This summer, at the second annual conference of Pax Christi, international peace organization under the sponsorship of the hierarchy of eight countries, the theme of the "wider citizenship" was much in evidence. The texts of some of the more important speeches on this occasion have just been published in *Documentation Catholique* for November 15.

Bishop Joseph Schroeffer of Eichstätt, for instance, told the international gathering that the Church by its very catholicity rejects a narrow view of nationalism. To limit a Catholic's responsibilities to the interests of his own land alone, he said, "would be to diminish his very being." " 'Catholic nationality' and 'Catholic nationalist'," he continued, "are contradictions in terms." Another speaker, Prof. Walter Rest of Muenster, developed a theme already suggested at Assisi last year by Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris, who pointed out how Christians can remain faithful to the land that gave them birth and at the same time belong to another, larger Fatherland. Said Professor Rest:

> It was a fateful turning point in our history when Christians began to confuse their true fatherland with their earthly fatherland, and when "national Catholics," Cardinals and bishops, the people and the states, no longer recognized anything beyond the borders of their own countries. Pax Christi tears down these frontiers in order to put Christians back into their catholicity.

Such sentiments as those expressed at the Pax Christi conference would probably be ill-received if uttered in this country by an American. The measure taken by the Summit Board of Education corresponds all too closely to the current views of many Catholics. These seem to think that while a Frenchman may be a better Frenchman for being a citizen of Europe, no American can possibly be a better American for being a citizen of a wider *patria*.

Such Catholics are unaware not only of their religious doctrine but of their American heritage as well. At the very founding of the Republic, Benjamin Franklin wrote:

> God grant that not only the love of liberty, but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man, may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say, "This is my country."

For Benjamin Franklin there was no contradiction in being a good American and being at the same time a citizen of that wider community which the wisest among us are struggling so valiantly these days to organize.

Code for advertisers

That part of the public which isn't hypnotized by the glitter and glamour of advertising is largely divided between the cynically indifferent and the helplessly outraged. Rare is the voice that attempts to balance what is socially useful in advertising and what is patently pernicious, or to distinguish in the advertiser's methods what is legitimate from what is abominable.

Even rarer is it to find critics who credit the advertising profession with a sense of responsibility. Yet there is considerable, if too infrequently heeded, self-criticism in advertising circles. Recently, at their annual eastern conference in New York City, members of the American Association of Advertising Agencies heard their chairman, Earle Ludgin, remind them that wild claims are self-defeating. Noting that many young people these days laugh at advertising claims, scorning them as only for "mixed-up high-school kids," he pointed out that these youngsters would soon be directing the spending of families of their own. Once their confidence is lost, he warned, it will not be easy to win it back.

Extravagant claims, with each agency enlarging on the high-blown buncombe of the last one, are only one of the abuses that bring discredit on all advertising, including the reputable. To see the admen concerned about these abuses is indeed heartening. But in addition to abuses, the profession ought to be more exercised than it seems to be about a challenge that strikes at the whole place of advertising in our contemporary world.

To begin with, it must be granted that advertising performs an *economically* useful function by enlarging mass markets, thus making possible lower costs of production. In so doing, advertising legitimately claims to advance our standard of living.

Yet it is precisely here that grave doubts arise. For the adman claims that by *creating wants* he steps up the pace at which we provide ourselves with services, material comforts and luxuries. Ads make yesterday's luxury today's necessity.

Precisely, say the critics. Here at its most glaring brassiness is the American identification of the good life with material wealth, of progress with the enjoyment of ever more worldly goods. Here, with a vengeance, is the "progressive society's" glorification of the pride of life. Granted, then, that advertising has an economic function, is it discharging this function in a morally licit way?

Now it should be said at once that advertising is no more blameworthy on this score than are many institutions which educate the public, or the public itself for that matter. For in this it adheres to a widely prevailing materialistic philosophy of life. Yet because advertising is, on its own showing, a powerful promoter of this materialism, which can eat away the moral fiber of our people, its guilt is great. It has a high responsibility, therefore, to swim against the current, to work out professional standards compatible with a Christian way of life.

Clearly what is called for is much more vigorous self-regulation on the part of the industry itself. After all, the Federal Trade Commission can police only the more flagrant abuses. Such a program of self-regulation should aim, of course, at making it possible for the

public to believe what it reads in advertisements. But it should go further than that. It should seek to persuade the profession to shoulder its responsibility as an educator of public attitudes and standards. The industry is already at work toward achieving the first goal. But the second goal is the greater and more important challenge. For the future of this country depends in a critical way on how successfully advertising and other educational agencies in our society succeed in identifying "the good life" with the standards of a Christian way of life.

"Cultural circulation"

The London *Times Literary Supplement* for November 13 comments provocatively on the budget reduction under which the British Council had to work during the year ending March 31—a reduction of 8.1 per cent. The British Council supervises cultural information work in foreign countries as a supplement to the general information that is taken care of by the various British information services abroad.

Expressing regret that such a budget reduction was necessary, the *Supplement* places great emphasis on the positive value of international "cultural circulation," a value, it strikes us, that might well be more deeply imbedded in the minds of those in charge of U. S. information services abroad.

In speaking, for instance, of the council's report, *Work in Europe*, the editors observe:

> As it happens, we have at the moment much to give, since as the balance stands at present we are among the most vital and creative of the European nations today, in the arts, in letters and inventions and in technical and political experiment. This is hardly modesty, but it is truth and we shall do well to recognize it. We had better realize also, first, that our national health depends on trade in ideas as well as in goods, and on a brisk, many-sided trade at that, and secondly, that what a recent writer in the *Economist* said of Italy is true of Europe as a whole: "no policy based merely on the cold-blooded interchange of purely economic and military aid is any longer sufficient." Europe's needs are not only material.

The spirit that animated these words, the *Supplement* continues, is as well the spirit behind a recent speech of Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary General of the United Nations, at a UN concert in New York:

> In our preoccupation with the outward forms, the established procedure, the publicity and the immediate issues which attract our attention from day to day, we may tend to forget that at the very basis of this organization there is the will of all peoples to create a world of harmony.

Such a world of harmony may seem now like a chimera glimmering on a far horizon, but it, rather than a world of military strength or economic well-being, is the real one world the United Nations has as its goal. A militarily strong and economically sound free world may now be first in the order of execution, but it can never be first in the order of intention.

Cultural circulation—the exchange of ideas, of literature and the arts, of science and techniques—is a first step toward international harmony. Hence the importance of such organizations as the various national information services in foreign lands. Budgets, of course, have to be trimmed from sheer necessity, but when funds have to be sluiced off from cultural circulation to military and economic ends, "it is an error," the *Supplement* drily remarks, "to suppose there is no loss."

The world, it would seem, is awakening to a great craving for spiritual and cultural goods. Our policy planners would do well to keep firmly in mind how best we can do our share in supplying them.

French groundnut projects in Africa

Some thirteen years ago a great French colonial administrator, Robert Delavignette, issued a warning that governments and investors would get nowhere if they tried to force the hand of man and nature in Africa and sought to acquire riches by grandiose schemes based merely on large-scale mechanized agrarian exploitation. The pathway to even purely economic success, said Delavignette, speaking from twenty years of African experience, was to discover the immense resources of the humble village peasant economy. His own eminently successful achievements combined the use of modern technical improvements with careful respect for small peasant holdings, for the peculiar social structure of the people and the great effectiveness of their cooperative effort.

The veteran administrator repeated his warnings in 1946, stressing likewise the importance of the missions even for the people's purely economic life. But the warnings went unheeded in the vast post-colonial world. The huge British groundnut (peanut) project in Tanganyika, using the most modern farm equipment, met with colossal failure in 1950. Several years ago the French, hoping somehow to hit the jackpot, started a similar groundnut operation on a vast 75,000-acre project in Senegal. Soon it became evident that the plan of all-out mechanical development had at least partially failed. According to latest reports, the management in charge of the over-all operation is now convinced that the future of the project lies in a union of technical skills and native participation. The new plan combines land worked on a large scale by the company with land worked jointly with the natives, and with provisions for native kitchen gardens as well. After a year's operation under this system, the financial status of the enterprise notably improved.

For government technicians and for private investors alike, a simple lesson seems to flow from these experiences. Great as is the might of modern huge-scale land exploitation, it still must pay homage, even to achieve its own ends, to the native culture and the social institutions of the traditional cultivators of tropical soil.

Judgment on racial segregation

Our highest tribunal has listened to all the arguments and is now pondering its judgment on compulsory racial segregation in public elementary schools. While the court weighs its decision, Fr. LaFarge, associate editor of AMERICA, *offers some considerations to offset the more hysterical predictions and stresses some principles that will remain valid whatever be the outcome of the court's deliberations.*

John LaFarge

ON DECEMBER 7 the Supreme Court of the United States was scheduled to begin its hearings on a set of five appeals from Negro parents touching the question of racial segregation in the public schools. In four of these instances the question at issue was whether classification and separation of public-school children by race is in accord with the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, which says that no State shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Does or does not school segregation deny "equal protection of the laws" to Negro children? The petitioners in the fifth of these cases, originating in Washington, D. C., base their case on the Fifth Amendment, which forbids that any citizen under Federal jurisdiction should be deprived of "life, liberty or property, without due process of law." The issue here is "liberty."

A Momentous Decision

Whatever form the decisions (which will not be rendered for some time) may take, they are certain to be momentous. The constitutional question involved touches the very heart of great central problems of our democracy: the mutual relationships, social, cultural and political, of our white and black citizens; the development of opportunity for American youth and the preservation of our manpower in a time of strain and peril. The decisions are bound, too, to reflect our concept of the degree to which our nation, according to the intent of its Founding Fathers, undertakes to guarantee to each of its citizens, no matter how humble, the rights and privileges of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. As Virginius Dabney, editor of the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch,* has pointed out, the Supreme Court's ruling "may well be as crucial in its impact upon the entire position of the Negro in American society as was the historic Dred Scott decision handed down by the same tribunal nearly a century ago" (quoted by Southern Regional Council, *New South,* August, 1953).

Though the question is certainly momentous, reaching to nearly every fiber of our national life, in another sense it is not quite so crucial as may seem upon first appearance. For one thing, an anti-segregation decision would not of itself make widespread sweeping and radical changes. As the SRC study points out, the court's decisions will work an immediate effect only in those areas where the suits were brought. Further suits will be necessary to get decisions affecting other places.

Moreover, a court ruling against segregation would not mean that the two races would have to be equally represented in every school. It would simply mean that children must be admitted, without regard to race, to the schools serving their district. Integration would grow in the schools along with increased integration in the community as a whole. The decisions alone would not produce change. The people themselves must translate them into every-day practice.

Segregation Doomed

The issue of segregation in public schools is therefore momentous, but not altogether crucial. For the simple truth is that compulsory, legalized racial segregation, as a social and educational policy in American life, is of itself doomed. In the modern world, under the rapidly changing conditions of ever more industrialized life, no amount of legal backing can indefinitely prolong the life of this policy. Mere emotional attitudinizing cannot give it a permanent foothold. As an issue, it can continue for a while to stir up an immense amount of political dust. But no display of valiant rearguard activity can hope to keep the policy permanently on the books. When a local editor blows off steam, as happened a few days ago, against some of the students of the University of Georgia who envisaged the possibility of Negro students on the campus, he may create a temporary alarm. But he can do little to change an inevitable trend.

Least of all can he propose a remedy for the difficult financial dilemma segregation presents. The fact remains that school facilities for the two races have so far been only partially equalized in the States where a dual system prevails. Only by immense, heroic financial sacrifices can such States bring about complete equalization on a segregated basis. Florida and Georgia have approved lavish building programs to be financed on long-range terms. In other States, the equalization projects are beset with various difficulties. So far nobody has ventured to estimate how long it will take to equalize white and Negro schools.

Yet even in localities where the dual program might be successfully carried through, it still leaves untouched the heart of the segregation problem. This was made plain by the U. S. Department of Justice in the brief it submitted to the Supreme Court on November 27:

> The judicial inquiry, it must be emphasized, is not simply to determine whether there is equality as between schools: the Constitution requires that there be equality as between persons.

Conversely, the Negroes' objection is not to the sepa-

rate school as such, where it fulfils some tangible need or meets some obvious convenience. A de-segregating decision of the Court, should such be reached, is not aimed at sweeping aside the great structure of special Negro education built up in this country over the years, at impairing any of its hard-won values or upsetting the tenure of its teachers. The present move is simply to dismantle a non-rational, un-American principle of racial compulsion, to clear away a source of ever growing bitterness and resentment in our largest minority group and to leave the way free for future educational advance based upon the full recognition of the needs and the dignity of the individual—that dignity of the human person which the American Bishops stressed so strongly in their annual statement for 1953. The practical question, therefore, is not that of trying to preserve what is bound to dissolve of itself and to leave in its wake a long trail of confusion and bitterness. It is rather to consider what policy can take its place.

A New Policy Needed

All over the United States we find an increasing number of people who believe that the problem of interracial adjustment can be met in a very different way than by legal action. Their solution is a policy of cooperation between the educated and intelligent leaders of the races. Such a policy is based, not upon the shifting sands of derogation from the human person, but upon respect for that person's dignity.

The possibilities of such genuine cooperative effort have by no means been fully sounded. Yet enough has been achieved to indicate the great power of the moral forces that are waiting to be released.

Experience has shown that the policy of interracial cooperation ought to be and can be sharply disassociated from the Communist attempts to sow discord and profit by our apathy and time-lags. Religious leaders can play a vital part in initiating cooperative action in the local community, so that it may make its own adjustment in its own way.

What the disappearance of legalized school segregation will mean for the parts of the country where the dual system has prevailed was eloquently expressed by George S. Mitchell, executive director of the Southern Regional Council, when he received the Catholic Committee of the South Award for 1953:

> In a long effort, and by the pioneering of men who learned the methods of technology and of modern business organization, we have largely achieved that material basis of human well-being for lack of which the South excused its postponements of brotherhood and full democracy. We enter now into another period of our history, when the great task is to work out for all men, in every walk of life and in every city, town and country, the ideal of equal opportunity and the goal of acceptance of the worth and dignity of every human being.

Mr. Mitchell used the phrase "to work out." A readiness to "work out" is the key to what needs to be done in order to meet the situation that persons like Governor Byrnes and Governor Talmadge view with such hysterical dismay As each new disability has been removed from the status of our racial minorities, the prophets of disaster have so far invariably been proved wrong.

The Negro primary did not destroy the Democratic party or shake the foundations of the Republic. When the courts refused to enforce various types of restrictive residential covenants, things went on pretty much as they did before. Where Negroes have been admitted to colleges, universities and elementary schools, to nursing schools or professional organizations or trade unions, no revolution has taken place. The access of Negroes to top positions in the municipal governments of such cities as Nashville, Richmond and Atlanta has caused no general commotion. It would be easy to enlarge the list. (I have purposely omitted many striking examples that could be taken from the success that has attended the programs of integration initiated by various Catholic archbishops and bishops of our country.)

These are grounds for confidence, therefore—but not for overconfidence. For prophets of disaster still can count on a narrow margin of probability of distress, so long as we adopt a foolish policy of merely wait-and-see. If a mighty trumpet blows from the halls of the nine justices and the walls of a legal Jericho come tumbling down, it is not to be welcomed as a signal for our taking a vacation trip to Bermuda. Nor is the removal of unjust minority disabilities a plum to be gloated over by the friends of liberty.

Quite on the contrary. The removal of obstacles to genuine constructive action is a signal for such action to begin. It is a severe challenge to our willingness and ability to implement, in a practical, constructive way, our basic belief in democracy. "We conquer problems in this modern world," says George Mitchell, "by organizing and by patient and sustained administrative effort." We conquer them particularly by toiling up from the grassroots, by starting from the conviction that we *can* make a democratic system of education work. That means in our own communities, among our own parents, children, teachers and neighbors.

The distinguished Negro educator, Dr. John Hope Franklin, of Durham, N. C., declared:

> With more scientific data than have ever been previously available, with a variety of blueprints for tackling the problem and with a persistent reaffirmation of the equalitarianism inherent in American life, the people of the United States have been given the greatest opportunity in their history to bring about the complete Americanization of their Negro citizens (*Slavery and Freedom*. Knopf, 1947).

The greatness of the opportunity lies precisely in the fact that the constructive work demanded by the removal or the modification of prevailing legal restraints must by its very nature be based upon a great spiritual concept, that of the human person, and a great moral

conviction, which is none other than that taught by the gospel of our Saviour Himself. It is no time for idle rejoicings or useless regrets, but for sober, diligent cooperative work by all concerned, for the sake of a democratic, peaceful and internally strong America.

Training for the classroom apostolate

Ellen Maguire

"CATHOLICS AND PUBLIC EDUCATION" seems to be a topic like the weather—everybody talks about it, but nobody does anything about it.

But there is something to be done besides talk. For in an era when people constantly decry the moral breakdown within the nation, who has a greater opportunity to build moral stamina than the Christian teacher? The Catholic teacher in a public classroom has an enviable position in American life.

Realizing this fact and wanting to fulfil their vocations as Christian teachers, a group of educators in a Western city undertook two years ago to apply the principles of the lay apostolate in an organized way to classroom life.

A meeting to lay the groundwork for a teachers' guild was attended by forty out of a hundred and fifty lay Catholics teaching in the public and parochial schools. Some present had misgivings. Perhaps, they thought, this would be a "defensive" group soon to be disapproved by the school board because some teachers had opposed the National Education Association's stand on aid to private schools. Others considered that this group was further evidence of Catholic "divisiveness." There were those who came out of curiosity, but did not return. For them, religion may be in one airtight compartment and their professional life in another. They do not think, as the guild leaders do, that what makes a person a good Christian also makes him a better teacher.

But those who did return brought others with them, so that now nearly one hundred teachers have participated in the guild's activities, and to them the program has given a new perspective on the Catholic in the public classroom. To teachers from parochial schools it has given better realization of an essential fact: *all teachers—in both public and parochial systems—are partners in an endeavor which is vital to the moral life of the country.*

The aims of the guild have been crystalized into 1) a fuller realization of the teacher's responsibility to strengthen moral and spiritual values through the development of a thoroughly Christian philosophy; 2) the presentation of a spiritual program to instil better understanding of the teacher's role as a lay apostle; 3) the discussion of pertinent educational problems in the light of Christian principles.

In short, the guild wants to put religious principles to work in the classroom, to make the environment of the school a truly moral one.

Planning a program to offer teachers already surfeited with meetings was not easy—and it still isn't easy. Sometimes plans come off well. Then the planners know the Holy Ghost is with them—or St. John Baptist de la Salle, patron of the guild as he is of all teachers, lay and religious. At other times, a stormy night or the problem of parking a car can become an obstacle to attendance.

So when twenty-five or thirty people come to hear a group of their fellows discuss the methods by which a physical-education program can develop moral values, the steering committee is satisfied. Ideas are exchanged over coffee served informally (and financed only by "passing the hat," since the group prides itself on collecting no dues and yet having a balanced budget).

Topics for discussion must be concrete, applying specifically to the classroom and needing Christian solutions. Only a few people outside the teaching field have been invited to speak. This is an apostolate of like to like, teacher to teacher. The last thing members want to hear is abstract theory. Wherever theory has been presented—a discussion of the papal encyclical on Christian education, for instance, or an analysis of Deweyism—all of it has been given a down-to-earth application.

Most teachers are concerned with day-to-day problems. How can Mike be convinced that cheating is morally wrong? What can a teacher do about teenage drinking parties—often allowed by parents? What is a proper concept of discipline? What approach does one take with the child who works only to get a dollar for every "A" on his report card? How can the moral problems involved in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" be most effectively presented to eighth-graders?

Or on a higher teacher level, does the lecturer in European history gloss over the weaknesses of the Church in the sixteenth century? How does he interpret socialism? Can the political scientist ignore financial scandals in Washington? Or the economist condone gifts of mink coats because they help to "grease the wheels" of business? How can the scientist help his student to know a higher truth than that of the test tube? What attitude does the college teacher of literature take toward censorship and such a film as *The Moon is Blue?*

A day of recollection, with the diocesan director of Catholic Action as moderator, stimulated a deeper realization of the spiritual potentialities of the teaching vocation. At breakfast following the annual Mass and corporate Communion, an official from the office of

"Ellen Maguire" is the pseudonym of a teacher in a Western college who does not believe in parking her religion at the classroom door.

the Governor spoke on the role of the teacher as a builder of moral strength. This year, on the Sunday before classes resumed, religious and laity attended the Mass offered by the diocesan superintendent of schools for a successful teaching year.

A pot-luck supper (who says teachers can't cook?) featured a talk on the modern apostle given by a priest-professor from the archdiocesan seminary. Gathered around the buffet table were teachers from all levels and from all subject fields: the principal of the school for the mentally retarded, a music instructor from a county grammar school, a high-school English teacher, a coach, an assistant superintendent, a professor of economics from a State college, an assistant to the dean of student activities at the same institution, Christian Brothers from the boys' high school, a first-grade teacher, a bedside instructor of handicapped children.

These, and the many others with them, know that they *can* exert a positive moral influence in the classroom.

To date, the teachers' guild has engaged in no spectacular community-wide projects which might make its results easy to judge. Its major contribution to the educational life of the community has lain in quickening the spirit of instructors, who gain confidence through a new kind of contact with others sharing the same apostolic outlook. Group discussion increases the understanding of a Christian philosophy of education, so necessary for both public and parochial school teachers. Ten members of the guild, organized in a specialized Catholic Action section, apply the techniques of the Young Catholic Students and Young Catholic Workers to professional life. These in particular experience the steady development of a sense of assurance in teaching spiritual concepts.

One teacher, with years of classroom experience, had never before "dared" to present the true Christmas story. Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny had often obscured the meaning of the two great festivals. She had often taken the easy course of decorating the classroom with gnomes or rabbits and forgetting the festival. Now, however, she finds more satisfaction in reading the Gospel stories (and including material in the Jewish tradition) or in preparing stained-glass window arrangements.

These are teachers making the most of every opportunity. It may be the song which is "grace" before mid-morning milk in the kindergarten. Or it may be a discussion of the moral themes of *A Tale of Two Cities* or "The Ancient Mariner." Once teachers are aware of their opportunities, their roles in the public school system take on a spiritual significance. Christianity then can become a living force in the classroom, the laboratory and the lecture hall.

The Church behind the Iron Curtain

Geza B. Grosschmid

POPE PIUS XII in his September 8 encyclical, *Fulgens Corona*, again drew attention to the plight of the "Church of Silence," the Catholic Church behind the Iron Curtain. Reviewing the world situation, the Pope said:

> Everyone knows what difficulties the Church is experiencing in many parts of the world; . . . in many places the pastors of souls are either unhappily banished or thrown into prison without cause . . . they are not allowed to have their own schools . . . they cannot publicly teach, defend or propagate Christian doctrine.

The Communists have caused these difficulties by employing a combination of the divide-and-conquer and the Trojan-horse technique against the Church. They strive to divide the Church from its contacts with the West while simultaneously conquering from within by infiltration of the Catholic hierarchy.

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The conquest of the Church is executed in three steps: the creation of an atmosphere of fear and violence; the establishment of police surveillance and censorship over the clergy; persecution of the hierarchy and nationalization of Church property and institutions. The first two stages aim at the separation of the clergy from its flock and at the disruption of the internal organization. With the Church's ability to resist thus paralyzed, the third stage completes its subjugation to the Communist state. Let us see how far this technique has succeeded in the various Soviet-dominated countries.

In the *Soviet Union*, the Catholic Church has literally ceased to exist. Rev. Georges Bissonette, A.A., the only priest functioning in Moscow, is permitted to serve only the foreign colony. In the territories incorporated into the Soviet Union (the Baltic States, Carpatho-Ukraine, Northern Bukovina, White Russia, West Ukraine and Bessarabia), where an estimated seven to eight million Catholics lived, of the hierarchy only Most Rev. Anthony Springovics, Archbishop of Riga, and a handful of prelates remain.

Poland, with its almost twenty-five million communicants, is probably the strongest of the Iron Curtain countries in the vigor of Catholicism among the people as well as in the organizational strength of its clergy.

In spite of this numerical strength, many inroads have been made upon the Church in Poland, and these are becoming increasingly more severe. After the confiscation of some 375,000 acres of Church property and the closing of all Catholic schools, the Polish bishops,

hoping to arrange a *modus vivendi*, signed an agreement with the state in 1950. In this treaty the Church agreed to respect the state's authority; the Government, on its part, promised religious freedom.

These promises notwithstanding, in 1952 several prelates in the Archdiocese of Cracow were sentenced to death and prison terms. In the same year a Government decree subordinated the Church to the state in matters of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Last September, Most Rev. Czeslaw Kaczmarek, Bishop of Kielce, was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment, and Cardinal Wyszynski, the Primate of Poland, was suspended from his duties and interned in a monastery.

Some 900 priests, monks and nuns are in jail. Their positions have been filled by members of the "patriotic" clergy, who serve to bring about the transition from adherence of the people to the Catholic Church to nationalization of the Church and finally to its total extermination.

In *Hungary*, where the more than six million Catholics amount to 67.5 per cent of the population, the Communists followed a similar pattern of conquest. All Catholic schools were seized in 1948. Cardinal Mindszenty was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1949. The Catholic bishops and the Government reached an interim agreement in 1950; a few days later all but four (Benedictines, Franciscans, Piarists and Poor School Sisters) of the sixty-seven religious orders were dissolved. In 1951, the Communists set up a State Office for Church Affairs. Almost simultaneously, Most Rev. Joseph Groesz, Archbishop of Kalocsa, was convicted on trumped-up charges. A month later a Government decree made all senior appointments of the Church "subject to Government control." The same year the bishops, threatened with the stoppage of all Church activities, agreed to take the oath of allegiance.

In 1950 the Reds set up the so-called Peace Committee of Catholic Priests. The Committee publishes a pseudo-Catholic paper *A Kereszt* (the Cross). The goal of this "peace movement" is to shatter the people's confidence in the Catholic priests by forcing the latter to collaborate with the Communists, thus paving the way to a final break with Rome. With all remaining bishops under police surveillance or house arrest, "peace priests" have been given high Church positions and have filled the episcopal posts of those who have resigned or been imprisoned.

In *Czechoslovakia*, where 10 million of the country's 14.5-million population is Catholic, the drive against the Church began with the nationalization of all schools and all Church landholdings. In 1950, the monks and nuns from all monasteries were taken to concentration or slave labor camps in the USSR. The Church is almost completely subservient to the state: all appointments to Church office are subject to state approval, all priests are civil servants paid by the state, all training of seminarians has been stopped. The Ministry of Church Affairs has organized the schismatic "Catholic Action," headed by pro-Communist priests.

The Archbishop of Prague, Most Rev. Joseph Beran, has been held incommunicado since 1951. Bishops Michael Buzalka, John Vojtassek and Peter Gojdic, together with nearly one thousand of Czechoslovakia's three thousand priests, are in prison.

Rumania's million-odd Catholics have been suffering from perhaps even more ruthless persecution than those of the other Communist-dominated countries. In 1948, the Communists revoked the existing concordat; all bishops were required to take an oath of allegiance to the new constitution. Church property was confiscated, the Catholic press eliminated. The same year the Rumanian Eastern Catholic Church was dissolved, together with all religious orders. In 1951, a council was set up to administer the small apostate pro-Communist group, called "The Catholic Status," an organization devoted to create eventually a "national" Catholic Church, independent of Rome and subservient to the Communist regime.

All thirteen Catholic bishops of the Greek and Latin rites have been removed. Some have died in jail; others are serving long prison sentences.

Although Catholics in *Bulgaria* number only slightly more than 57,000 in a population of about eight million, the leading schools, colleges and hospitals in that country were established and operated by Catholics. The Communists employed the usual means of coercion. Catholics were forced to join the Soviet-controlled Orthodox Church; those who refused were intimidated, jailed, deported. In 1952, the Bishop of Nicopolis, Most Rev. Eugene Bossilkoff, and three priests were sentenced to be shot, and twenty-four priests and twelve laymen received long prison sentences. The remaining clergy are now under complete Communist control and supervision.

Albania's 130,000 Catholics, served by some 110 secular priests and about sixty religious, were the first to be forced to break their spiritual ties with the Vatican. Although the statutes of the nationalized Albanian Roman Catholic Church, organized in 1951, acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, the decree amounts to the virtual subjugation of the Church to the Communist Government; the Albanian episcopate is declared to be the highest authority for the "Catholic" Church of Albania.

In Tito's *Yugoslavia*, where Article 25 of the constitution guarantees freedom of conscience and religion, Cardinal Stepinac is still under house arrest, and Bishops Cule, Gargovic and Nezic are detained in prison. Bishops Carevic and Simrac and 1,950 priests have been murdered or sentenced to death. Some 600 convents and 100 monasteries have been closed. Church property, schools and seminaries have been expropriated. Catholic papers are confiscated and every

one of the twelve Catholic printing shops has been shut down.

Since the breaking of diplomatic relations with the Vatican in 1952, high Church dignitaries as well as simple priests have been attacked almost daily by mobs in Yugoslavia. To separate the Yugoslav Catholic Church from Rome, the Government sponsors the St. Cyril and St. Methodius priests' organization in Slovenia. A similar organization, which already exists in Dalmatia, Istria, Bosnia and Herzegovina, is being organized now among the 1,880 priests of Croatia.

According to NCWC figures, 165 high dignitaries of the Catholic Church have fallen victims to the Communist drive against religion. Twenty-six of them were murdered outright. The number of clergy victimized cannot be ascertained.

In their attempt to de-Christianize the Iron Curtain countries, the Communists have made several significant inroads on Church authority. In Rumania, Albania, Hungary, and to some extent in Czechoslovakia, they have succeeded in transforming, at least partially, the Catholic Church into "national" Catholic Churches under Government domination. The Eastern Rite Catholic Churches of Rumania and Poland have been completely annihilated by compulsory merger with the Russian Orthodox Church.

What will the future bring? In spite of the subjugation of the Church and Church organizations in the Iron Curtain countries, the destruction of religious forms does not signify the death of religious faith; religion will remain the main source of strength for the oppressed people. The influence of the Church may subside temporarily, but "the green shoots of man's belief in God grow and flourish nevertheless, nor will they be battered out of existence by the Communist hammer or the Stalinist sickle."

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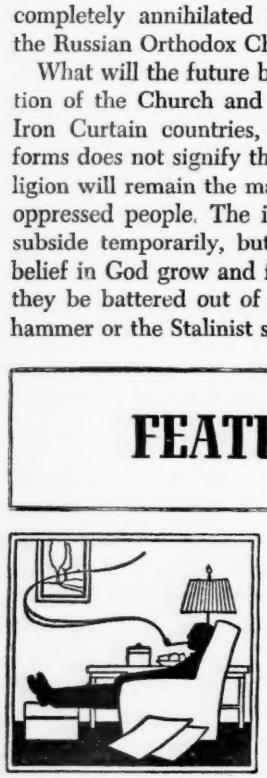

"Beata Brady" is the pen name of a Lima, Ohio, housewife. In her little piece, "Merry Isthmus!" she expresses her disgust at the materialistic commercialism that has overtaken one of the most beautiful of Christian feasts.

"MERRY ISTHMUS!" No, that is not the lisped greeting of a two-year-old but a gentle reminder that it is again the time of year when you can expect anything from the Panama Canal to one of the Dodgers' batting averages on what is begrudgingly called a Christmas card. As the Walrus said, "the time has come" when you may even see *him* sitting on a bed of holly.

Ours is the great day of sublimation when you don't call a spade a spade. But I am getting sick to the retching point of viewing the rear end of a deer coupled with the facetious phrasing, "same old tale,"—or tropical fruit arranged in stupid still life.

I have done some pondering on this Yule greeting business and have decided, some three years gone now, on my personal plan of action. I have heard it said, and read it written, that if one has a non-Catholic friend, agnostic or otherwise, it is acceptable to send a card disguised in the noncommittal shape of a Christmas tree or a pleasant winter scene. I cannot go along with this. I, who am known to be a Catholic, thanks be to God, have been the recipient of everything from a highly decorated doe's nose to the studied and serene consideration of a rare pear—all in the name of Christmas—and no one has a qualm of conscience about the whole deal.

Therefore I see no good reason why *I* should not send a representation of the Infant Jesus or the Holy Family to *anyone*, Jew or Gentile—if not in the hope of religious persuasion, then at least with the wisdom of the children of this generation that "it pays to advertise." And with all the paradox possible—it is the Jew or Gentile friend, who, having received a Christian card from me, will respond in kind. It is too often the Catholic who runs to poinsettias.

Another aspect of this winter solstice that has caused me concern is the yearly moronic dialog that goes on over the length and breadth of various streets of assorted towns across the nation. It seems to me that every Christmas (I *beg* your pardon—I haven't thought up a good synonym for that word yet) since our third child it can be predicted with monotonous certainty that so sure as I go downtown three to four weeks before *that* day, some acquaintance will say "Hello" and the series of clichés will begin like this:

SHE: "Well, how are you?"

ME: "Fine, thanks. How are you?"

SHE: "Oh, all right. How are all the children?"

And if I had to answer that they were all down with the croup, I doubt if her expression would change much, because she is getting ready to pose the clincher and *nothing* will stop her. Here it is. (It compares favorably with that summertime variant—"Is it hot enough for you?") SHE: "My, I'll bet Christmas will be a big time at your house this year!"

I reply with intelligent candor: "Yes, it probably will be." And so we part, not to resume this classic repartee, these witticisms of the wise until, maybe, next year, when we will meet and greet, and contribute to each other—nothing.

Now I am not one to strike into a discourse on Aristotelian philosophy at a casual greeting on a street corner—but behind these vapid wordings of my Santa Claus scourge and me, what was implied? Well, primarily that Christmas is God's gift to businessmen and that you, dear lady, by having a few children can swell by no mean sum the figures on how much Americans spend for gifts.

I have no wish to want to give old Santa the heave-ho. He has his place—but if Kringle wants to mingle, he ought to be decent about it and not start shoving. The lines have been drawn. With a large and growing family you don't even have to have a religious reason for "all things in moderation." God will not be mocked and the old world itself has its own way of felling idols with feet of clay. Besides, Christmas is the Feast of the Poor.

So, it's rather obvious that we *can't* take Christ out of Christmas. If we try, we have a syllable left that sounds like "muss" or "mess," and that's what it amounts to without Him.

To get back to cards—*please,* no fruit-and-flower deals this year. *I* need to be reminded of why we celebrate December 25. The way the days fly by you might sidetrack me into thinking it's St. Valentine's Day or the beginning of "Be Kind to Convalescents" Week.

Happy Fooltide, dahlings. See you in the funnies.

BEATA BRADY

Dylan Thomas: promise clipped

Joseph P. Clancy

When Dylan Thomas died on November 9, at the age of thirty-nine, it was twenty years since he had "rocketed to astonish/The flashing needle rock of squatters,/The criers of Shabby and Shorten,/The famous stitch droppers." In that brief time he delighted and irritated a good many readers, dazzled some critics into concluding that his poems were nothing but "black magical bubblings" and others into a quite silly rejection of the achievements of Eliot and Auden, left his mark on a hundred straining imitators in the little magazines and, in general, refreshed our sense of language and poetry. The collection of his verse from 1934 to 1952 (*The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas.* New Directions. 199p. $3.75) fulfils a genuine need, even if it must leave the critic with an evaluation which certainly would have become higher as Thomas showed forth the richer development his verse fully promised.

The central concern of Thomas' poetry from the very beginning was an awareness of a dynamic universe, where the essential drives of nature within man and without are simultaneously destructive and constructive. This theme found its basic expression in the constant use of sexual experience both as object and symbol, in the preoccupation with birth and death as physical and spiritual processes, and in the employment of "correspondences" between the human and nonhuman spheres of existence:

> Dawn breaks behind the eyes;
> From poles of skull and toe the windy blood
> Slides like a sea. . . .

This remained his essential vision, but there was a striking change in the attitude toward that vision, a change from anguish to affirmation. His later poetry was by and large a poetry of praise; his "Prologue" to this collection declares:

> . . . I hack
> This rumpus of shapes
> For you to know
> How I, a spinning man,
> Glory also this star, bird
> Soared, sea born, man torn, blood blest.

The change seems to rest in some of the poems on a religious belief, though the religious affirmation is never (nor perhaps need it be) very theologically clear. Representative of the best of the later work are such poems as "Ceremony after a Fire Raid" and the villanelle "Do not go gentle into that good night," the latter a poem on death in which the opening line stated the paradox of existence as Thomas saw it.

Thomas seems also to have made some attempt in his later work to simplify his style without losing its characteristic vigor. In tone he is rarely conversational, almost always incantatory, building a long series of often loosely connected phrases filled with an at times exuberant mixing of metaphors, and employing heavily the basic devices of alliteration, assonance and internal rhyme. The later verse was simplified by drawing its images from one basic field, or by constructing a consistent symbolic landscape, as in "Poem in October" and "Fern Hill," thus keeping the work close to ordinary meditative poetry. Two illustrations, the first from his earlier, the second from his later verse, may show this, along with his extraordinary gift for keeping his language fresh and startling, and for hallucinated images and "metaphysical" conceits:

> When, like a running grave, time tracks you down,
> Your calm and cuddled is a scythe of hairs,
> Love in her gear is slowly through the house,
> Up naked stairs, a turtle in a hearse,
> Hauled to the dome . . .

Joseph P. Clancy, instructor in English at Fordham University, is a frequent reviewer of poetry.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

There was a saviour
Rarer than radium,
Commoner than water, crueler than truth;
Children kept from the sun
Assembled at his tongue
To hear the golden note turn in a groove,
Prisoners of wishes locked their eyes
In the jails and studies of his keyless smiles.

The basic limitation of much of Thomas' poetry is not its obscurity, which is tolerable when the method of expression is seen as necessary rather than arbitrary, but the too great intensifying of each part of the poem. When every noun, verb, adverb and adjective carries a maximum charge of meaning, it becomes impossible to secure the dramatic build and tonal shift that characterize most of the great English lyrics, such as those of Donne, Marvell and Yeats.

The result is often, especially in the longer poems, a kind of monotonous grandeur, which could be heard even when Thomas, a superb reader, recited his own verse. This essential defect, it is true, of having every word a climax and a crisis is one which he shares with Hopkins and the Joyce of *Finnegan's Wake*, two major influences on him; it is also true that the style thus embodies his own theme of a fully active universe.

Dylan Thomas had too narrow a range of theme and technique to be a major poet, but his achievement of a highly individual place in contemporary poetry is certain. It is best to let him have the very characteristic last word: "These poems, with all their crudities, doubts and confusions, are written for the love of Man and in praise of God, and I'd be a damn' fool if they weren't."

Advent

What silken prince went masking in the snow
I have forgotten, but the snow is here,
And we are nearer Twelfth Night than we know.
And to the antimasque I strangely fear.
What blooded Tudor now I should recall,
That spoiled the dance, cried down the wond'ring
players
Is somewhere in my notes, yet hear the fall
Of virginals, and dwarfs are on the stairs.

Perhaps it's just the waiting makes me thus,
For advent of a Hero who is late,
And all the hags and witches make a fuss
And I am cold and sleepy by the gate;
Come, my Lord; the masque was timed for ten
With sets by Inigo Jones and lines by Ben.

LEONARD MCCARTHY

Butterflies Have Fled

Butterflies have fled the
Old, suburban places.
Rhododendron walls and
High arched elms have
Damped the powder on their wings.
But who can fly like
Station-wagons full of dogs and
Men by Abercrombie-Fitch?
Butterflies have given way to
Moths who thrive on old
Verandas in the long summer nights,
Black and still as tombs.

Ice cracks and
Soda splashes and
Hollow laughs from
Hollow men and brittle dames
Shoot across the undulating lawns that no
Butter cups or daisies laugh upon.

Butterflies have fled to the
Bottom-fields to work where
Solitaries drench their denim in the
Dry August.
Butterflies have fled to places
Ripe for adoration,
Full of sun and black-eyed susans,
Full of song and sacrifice and
Silence intense as honey bees.

Take me, butterflies, before I mold, before I
Rot, before the rambling roses
Close my eyes.
Take me.

JOHN STANLEY

Antiphon

See the sandaled snow
like a white monk walking
among the tattered elm
trees talking

like orphans together.
See him strike lightning
into their static
branches brightening

the brown earth below
with thunderlight.
And now all hills
wear white,

are wrapped in cowls,
burying faces
in fields of prayer.
And now snow traces

his land of labor,
unseen apostolate,
his white harvest,
his prayers' great

transformation
in him, in hills, in all:
rise cathedrals
where once fell Fall.

JAMES F. COTTER

BOOKS

Allergic to "thought control"

THE AGE OF SUSPICION

By James A. Wechsler. Random House. 333p. $3.75

The prod that put this book in motion was Sen. McCarthy's attack on the editor of the New York *Post*. By flatly denying the sincerity of Mr. Wechler's youthful break with communism, the Senator has evoked a full-dress autobiographical self-defense in the genre of Newman's *Apologia*.

The 38-year-old editor here presents for public judgment a smoothly written, balanced and very interesting history of his political beliefs and behavior from the age of political puberty. By avoiding querulous self-pity, he has composed a valuable documentary record of the decline, fall and recovery of a precocious young man ushered into a storm-tossed world before he had devised any ideological anchorage.

In Part I, "The Age of Rebellion," the curtain rises upon a rudderless freshman just under sixteen entering a rudderless college (Columbia) in the fall of 1931. Confused Columbia was torn between the nineteenth-century political liberalism of its aging prexy, Nicholas Murray Butler, and the "radical" (including Communist) social and economic protests of most of its students and many of its faculty against "capitalistic" breadlines and wars. "Debunking" was the academic order of the day.

Hungry for a leadership that would "do something" about the mess, young Wechsler joined the campus "radicals" on the *Spectator*, backed student strikes against the disciplining of freewheeling students and instructors, identified himself for a time as a "Socialist" (Norman Thomas won the 1932 student poll at C. U.) and finally, aged 18, joined the campus Communists. In the fall of his senior year he married a fellow-spirit, one year his junior, Nancy Fraenkel, daughter of a well-known lawyer for the Civil Liberties Union. The couple were Young Communist Leaguers.

Upon graduating in 1935, the author took up what proved to be a dreary routine, punctuated by excitement, engineering CP control of the National Student Union and the American Youth Congress. But the stifling atmosphere of CP headquarters, the double standard of CP political morality and "double-think" (*e.g.*, in explaining the Moscow purges) and the total rejection of reasons and facts for CP "faith" soon proved to be too much for the young rebels. After leading a European tour of non-Communist (but badly spoiled) collegians in 1937, including ten days in the USSR, the Wechslers' emotional attachments had subsided enough to let reason prevail. When he was twenty-two they signed.

> We walked out because we could no longer dismiss words like freedom and justice and mercy as "bourgeois" ambiguities; because the oppressive quality of Stalinist thought control, always crudely disguised as a new triumph of dialectics, had become unendurable (p. 137).

The manner of Part I admirably suits the matter: Wechsler relives his four-year tryst with tyranny with just enough seasoning of adult appraisal of his adolescent folly.

The walkout on the CP was a precondition to being hired by the *Nation*—to clip newspapers. Thus opened "The Age of Responsibility," the history of what Sen. McCarthy is sure never happened in young Wechsler's life. It covers the period from 1937 until 1949, when he became editor of the *Post*, and is absorbing reading.

Wechsler put in two and a half years on the *Nation*, emerging from the Communist shadows and regaining intellectual independence as a liberal anti-Communist. Then he joined the experiment to end all experiment in daily journalism, *PM*, where, as labor writer and Washington correspondent, he fought against Communist control under befuddled Ralph Ingersoll's editorship. (This tour, 1940-1946, was interrupted in 1945 by nine months in the Army, mostly in Germany.) Meanwhile he tells of the victorious fight he engaged in to oust commies from control of the Newspaper Guild.

In 1946 he became Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Post*, for which he covered the Wallace campaign of 1948. He describes the establishment of Americans for Democratic Action as a rallying ground for anti-Communist liberals.

To Wechsler, the way the Reds took over the Wallace candidacy was an old, but pitiful, tale. He knew many of the leading characters from YCL days. He unmasked the fraud, even though his editor, Ted Thackrey (but not the *Post* itself) had both feet in the Wallace ring. Sen. McCarthy insists that Wechsler knew the Wallace bid was a bust and fought it merely to save the "Truman-Acheson gang." You just can't win.

In Part II, "The Age of Suspicion" (by which he does not imply that *all* of today's suspicions are unwarranted) the author defends his editorship of the *Post* since 1949 against the charge of favoring the Reds. He ably defends it on foreign policy: vigorous support of the Marshall Plan, NATO, Point Four, and our Korean intervention.

On domestic anti-communism the *Post's* position is obscured by its particular variety of "liberalism" and by its depreciation of communism as a domestic threat. Wechsler does have a letter from former Sen. Nixon praising an editorial on the Hiss investigation. He warned fellow-liberals not to pooh-pooh Whittaker Chambers. Mr. McCarthy refuses to read exhibits of such writings.

The *Post's* editor, without questioning their authority, dislikes congressional investigating committees as too freewheeling and as unnecessarily injurious to quondam Communists. He dislikes the Smith Act. His idea would be to prosecute Communists as agents of a foreign Power, and to rely on counter-intelligence to ferret out espionage and subversion.

The author has a personal aversion: having broken with the CP because of its "thought-control," he is extremely allergic to anything resembling it. Now, of course, he has grounds for another well-founded personal aversion to senatorial probes: Mr. McCarthy's treatment of him last April (Am. 5/23).

As a result of their two encounters, he views the Senator as "a poker player, not a zealot, a cold-blooded operator in a big game" (p.283). He found him "a man of little conviction and infinite artfulness," who was "as coldblooded about ideas as about human beings. They are all simply elements in a political power game" (p.314).

Mr. Wechsler's evaluation of Sen. McCarthy is naturally one-sided. Yet this is not a bitter book, nor is it mainly about Sen. McCarthy. It is about the author. Those interested in the controversy over investigating committees, it would seem, should give this victim of one of them a fair hearing. ROBERT C. HARTNETT

USSR's people and bosses

OUR SECRET ALLIES

By Eugene Lyons. Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown. 376p. $4.50

CRISIS IN THE KREMLIN

By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday. 319p. $3.95

In the five years of my stay in the United States, I have read in books and articles by so-called liberals the constantly recurring motif: even if it were true that the Communists subjugate the peoples under their rule, why should this concern us? Why don't these people shake off the Communist yoke if they feel that they are being oppressed? It is not our business to stick our noses into the internal affairs of other countries.

It frequently puzzles me why people holding such reactionary views call themselves liberals. Liberals are supposed to consider the fight for freedom as common cause throughout the world.

Eugene Lyons' book is a veritable challenge to these false prophets. He is an uncompromising liberal in the true sense of the word. His amply documented book demonstrates the following main points:

America's stanchest allies against the Communist drive for world domination are the peoples living under Communist rule.

These peoples resist and practice sabotage whenever they have the opportunity to do so. After thirty-seven years of oppression the peoples of the Soviet Union have not become resigned to slavery, but are awaiting the day when they can rid themselves of their tyrants.

It is, however, impossible for these peoples to shake off the Communist yoke by internal revolution. All attemps at a revolution against tanks and machine guns are doomed to failure. Moreover, all layers of society have been infiltrated by the secret police.

The Russian peoples' force of resistance will be manifest itself only in case the Soviet Union becomes involved in an armed conflict with a foreign Power. All Russian revolutions were preceded by war. The first took place in 1905, during the war against Japan. The second broke out in 1917, during World War I.

Resistance cannot be expected from one or the other ethnic group, nationality, social class or religious denomination. The entire nation participates in resistance, even those who hold public offices.

The author refutes the theory that the oppressed peoples have developed a materialistic outlook to such degree that if they had the choice between bread and freedom, they would certainly choose bread.

It is the author's opinion that if the Western world should become resigned to the idea that while it enjoys the blessings of democracy, the other half of the world must continue to languish in slavery, the West will gravely endanger its own freedom.

Eugene Lyons' book is, above all, an honest book. He is not afraid to raise the question: under what kind of oppression did the peoples of Russia live under the Czars? He gives (pp.77-79) interesting statistical data concerning political prisoners under Czarist rule. He quotes George Kennan (the great-uncle of his namesake, the former Ambassador to Moscow), who made historic investigations of the Siberian exile system in 1880. "Not only was he permitted to do so," Mr. Lyons writes, "but St. Petersburg gave him full cooperation. He returned to America to condemn what he had seen in writing and speeches, with unflagging passion."

Yet he acknowledged that "the number of political offenders is much smaller than is generally supposed to be." He estimated "the yearly score of political exiles between 1879 and 1884 at 150."

(This shows the difference between the two George Kennans. In 1880, the great-uncle is shocked at a system of oppression that sends 150 persons yearly into political exile. He writes a book in order to stir up world opinion against such barbarism. Some seventy years later his nephew preaches a policy of containment against a political regime which keeps 16 to 20 millions imprisoned in concentration camps.)

Mr. Lyons also quotes the 1909 data of Prince Peter Kropotkin, the Russian anarchist author, gathered at a time when the number of political exiles and prisoners showed a strong increase:

> He gave the number of inmates of all Russian prisons as 181,000, and the number of exiles as 74,000, plus some 30,000 more, then believed in process of transportation. The totals covered offenders of all categories, with ordinary criminals constituting a majority of convicts and politicals a majority of exiles.

Mr. Lyons compares the life of political prisoners under the Czars with that of political prisoners now. Terror is the cement which holds together the vast Soviet empire. The chiefs of the secret police—Derzhinsky, Yagoda, Yezhov and Beria—were the technichians of terror, Lenin was its theoretician. "Lenin's faith in terror never faltered."

The real leitmotif of the book is that America's allies are the oppressed peoples who detest their tyrants. The author has rendered a service of historical value to the American people by presenting them with the true and unconcealed facts on the enslaved half of the world.

The title of Mr. Hindus' book is certainly promising. I took it in hand with great expectation, only to find that it deals little with the new situation in the Kremlin following Stalin's death. The author, at one time an American correspondent in Moscow, is Russian-born and the Russian language is his native tongue. His new book feeds on his past personal experiences. Anyone who likes to read a chatty book, full of interesting gossip, will enjoy it, especially the stories and anecdotes which are often very revealing.

The book contains interesting reports showing the wide gap between the Russian people and the Kremlin. The people had hoped that their sacrifices and sufferings would lead to the lessening of terror after the war. The frustration of those hopes became a new source of bitterness against the regime.

I believe the author is wrong in his interpretation of the intentions motivating Stalin's anti-American policy. Stalin, in my opinion, was convinced that Soviet-American friendship might retard America's débâcle and that of the Western world, and cripple the revolutionary forces operating in the free world. Stalin was faced with a choice between a policy of expansion and drive for world domination, and a friendly relationship with America. He deliberately turned against America, which he considered, since the weakening of the British Empire, the one and only obstacle in the path of Soviet world domination.

It is obvious that the "hate-America" policy would likewise be forced upon the satellite states. Mr. Hindus quotes a conversation with André Simone, one-time editor of Prague's *Rudé Pravo.* (Simone was hanged on December 3, 1952 in the courtyard of the Pankrac Jail.)

"Why do you hate America so?" the author asked Simone when he last spoke to him.

"Because America is Russia's greatest enemy."

The section of the book which deals with Zhdanov's policy to drive the United States out of Europe is especially noteworthy. Zhdanov was firmly convinced that he had won Stalin over to his point of view, that America would not move so much as her little finger were the Russian Army to start towards the West. This policy reached its high point at the Berlin blockade. Zhdanov had to pay with his life for his mistake.

The motto of the book stems from Vissarion Belinsky, and was written in the year 1847:

> One of the greatest intellectual triumphs of our time is the fact that at last we have begun to realize that Russia has her own history in no way resembling a single European state, and that she must be studied and judged on the basis of herself and not on the basis of the histories of European nations which have nothing in common with her.

I would like to add that it is of greater importance to take Mr. Belinsky's words to heart today than it was when they were written, over one hundred years ago.

BELA FABIAN

"Silent upon a peak"

BALBOA OF DARIEN: DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC

By Kathleen Romoli. Doubleday. 431p. $5

The author has wisely gone beyond a biographical sketch of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, which, considering the inadequacy of documentary sources on his career, would probably never run to a hundred pages, without undue padding.

Mrs. Romoli instead skilfully silhouettes Balboa against his period and locale, making his contemporaries come alive as they have never done before. The villain of the piece, Pedrarias, and (surprisingly) King Fernando himself, are two live people, not names in a textbook. This is a remarkable job, involving a lot of "detective work" and interpretation of scattered and biased records. Possibly the only real weakness in the volume is due to this; Balboa is occasionally lost from sight for page after page.

In teetering on the fence between ivory-tower research and popular writing, Mrs. Romoli has done a very creditable balancing act. The work is obviously solid research (a Guggenheim fellowship put to good use) though perhaps not the inspired scholarship of, say, Herbert E. Bolton. Her style is remarkably readable, considering the amount of data crammed between the boards.

Using the chronicles of Oviedo, Peter Martyr and others, she has drawn a recognizable likeness of Balboa and the colony of Darien, whose brief life coincided with his own. She is pro-Balboa though striving to be objective. (And who could possibly favor the scheming cronies of Governor Pedrarias, who, with libel and false charges of treason, managed to eliminate the one man strong enough, intelligent enough and just enough to maintain a reasonably thriving colony on Tierra Firme?) Balboa's conduct has been vindicated by history, but as a result of the Pedrarias cabal he was sent to the block.

Balboa should be remembered first for his discovery of the Pacific Ocean but also for his tremendously successful handling of the Indians of the Isthmus. Patient understanding and common sense kept the tribes at peace until his greedy enemies stirred them up to hostility toward the spaniards.

The author also points out some facts ignored by careless Hispanic-American historians. Balboa (or, if you read Keats, Cortes) has been pictured as standing on a peak in Darien, staring in open-mouthed surprise and wonder at the Pacific Ocean. Mrs. Romoli reminds us that Darien (in Balboa's time) was limited to a small area on the Caribbean coast of the Isthmus, near the Atrato River; that Balboa—no fool—did not needlessly climb "peaks" but stuck to passes and the line of least resistance to his march; and gazed down, possibly from a hillock, at the Gulf of San Miguel rather than the South Sea proper. Finally, and most important, his discovery was *not* a surprise package tied to the end of an arduous and blundering struggle through jungle swamps, but the anticipated result of a well-planned and

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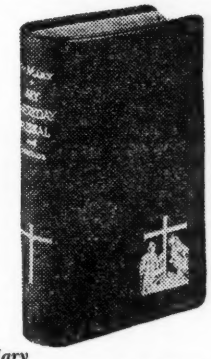

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Notices	308

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Mt. St. Agnes College	iii
Caldwell College	iii
St. Elizabeth	iii
Georgetown Prep. School	iii
Gilmour Academy	iii
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College of New Rochelle	iii
Rosemont College	iii
Sacred Theology	iii
College of St. Teresa	iii
Trinity College	iii

superbly executed expedition of discovery and conquest.

Balboa has been misappreciated; he knew exactly where he was going and we can thank Mrs. Romoli for setting the record straight. For an account of a potentially great conquistador of the Americas, cut down too soon in life, as well as the story of the scandalous "*Affaire* Balboa," the volume is highly recommended by this reviewer.

RICHARD H. DILLON

LORD VANITY

By Samuel Shellabarger. Little, Brown. 467p. $3.95

Not since Kenneth Roberts, I believe, has there been an American historical novelist who combines so successfully accurate scholarship and supreme storytelling talent as does Samuel Shellabarger. Ever since his formal debut with *Captain from Castile* in 1945, he has consistently maintained the high standards of entertainment and historical research that have made his books best-sellers from the start. It is therefore a pleasure to report that his fourth novel is as good as, if not better than, his previous three.

With *Lord Vanity* Mr. Shellabarger deserts the Renaissance period for the artificial and licentious eighteenth century. His picaresque hero is one Richard Morandi, the bastard son of an influential English nobleman, Lord Marny. Marny himself is a highly successful fictional portrait of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, about whom Mr. Shellabarger wrote a biography some years ago. We first meet our ubiquitous hero as a poor unknown traveling musician and theatrical aspirant in Venice and follow his career through its low point as a galley slave up to its pinnacle as a diplomatic spy and fashionable courtier in the best drawing rooms of London, Bath and Paris under the aegis of his illustrious father.

Along the way Richard becomes involved with a whole *dramatis personae* of historical or quasi-historical personalities. These include a thoroughly unprincipled Neapolitan adventurer, Cavaliere Marcello Tromba; and the two heroines, Maritza Venier, a virtuous young ballet dancer, and the French countess Amélie des Landes, the epitome of an immoral hussy modeled after Mme. Pompadour. Appearing briefly on the scene are such figures of the age as William Pitt, John Wesley and Generals Montcalm and Wolfe, with whom Richard spends a brief period in Canada as a British officer participating in the battle for Quebec. Richard's conscience never pricks very hard as he goes from escapade to escapade, falling deeper and deeper into the cynical habits of this unscrupulous age. In the final pages, however, he undergoes a not very convincing change of heart, marries Maritza and takes her off to the New World to begin a more wholesome way of life.

If Mr. Shellabarger has a fault it is his dependence upon the most extraordinary and improbable coincidences to implement his plot. Time and again in these lively pages fate comes to the rescue of his hero in a manner altogether astonishing. But if the reader can overlook this artifice (and it is worth overlooking), he will discover here one of the most exciting romances of the year played out against an authentic and richly described background of pageantry and intrigue.

JOHN M. CONNOLE

TEEN-AGE GANGS

By Dale Kramer and Madeline Karr. Holt. 243p. $3

The growing tally of juvenile crime is headline material these days. A Senate subcommittee is at work studying the problem, and everybody from the President down, through Mrs. Hobby to the corner grocer, is knitting a brow and wagging a finger and saying that we must do something about it. This book gives an intimate picture of young gang life, which is the source of much of the current delinquency.

There are good gangs, of course, as well as bad, but the teen-age gangs described by the authors are definitely in the class of what irate magistrates like to call "young hoodlums." In this work the authors depart from the staid form of earlier sociological studies such as Thrasher's *The Gang* and Fr. Furfey's *The Gang Age,* which explored the structure and dynamics of gangdom in scholarly fashion. This latest on gang life avoids the jargon of the professional sociologist. There is no talk of social structure or personality disorganization.

Three lively narratives give a concrete picture of the gang boy in action. The first tells of a "rumble" or wild group fight in Brooklyn, what led up to it, and how it ended in bloodshed and prison bars. The second deals with a young Puerto Rican, a likable lad with real ability, and describes the pressures within his family and in the neighborhood which nudged him along the way to the reform school, later to the leadership of a gang and finally to a berth in the city morgue. The last narrative—and the least successful of the three—aims to give a picture of the monotonous

everyday life of the typical gang. Though these episodes are presented in an easy, flowing story style, their substance comes from the files and casebooks of professional social workers detailed to work on the juvenile gangs from within.

A few short chapters pointing up the magnitude of the problem argue that the first and most important step in handling juvenile delinquency lies in arousing the American public to a full realization of the nature of the menace. The authors are brief and superficial in their treatment of the causes and remedies, but they do a real service in cutting through the charts and numbers to give us the feel of what makes an antisocial youth gang tick. The chief merit of this book is that it puts flesh on the bare bones of statistics.

GORDON GEORGE

THE FIELDS OF HOME

By Ralph Moody. Norton. 335p. $3.50

The boyhood of Ralph Moody is familiar to those who read his *Little Britches* and *Man of the Family*—and they will rejoice to catch up with the fifteen-year-old boy on his grandfather's farm in Maine. This book is complete in itself and may be read separately, but there is no good reason for recommending such a procedure. Why miss a good thing? Ralph Moody is in process of writing some particularly fine reminiscences of boyhood—and from one reader's viewpoint, he can keep it up as long as he has a mind to.

When Mrs. Moody and her children returned from Colorado to Medford, Mass., after her husband's death, Ralph got into a bit of trouble and was sent to his Grandfather Gould in Maine. As Uncle Levi said, Grandfather had a war going on inside him: he was cantankerous and perverse, balked at new ways of doing anything, even though his farm had run down and was simply too much for him.

This was not the easiest place for a spirited, independent youngster, competent, full of ideas remembered from his ingenious father. Grandfather's pigheadedness and his refusal to admit that Ralph could do anything right came close to driving the boy away. But, with the help of Uncle Levi, and Millie, the hired girl, not to mention Annie Littlehale, a pretty young neighbor, Ralph stuck it out—and Grandfather won that private battle.

The tangy air of Maine breathes through this book—and the sound of good Maine talk. State-of-Mainers are not so vociferous as Texans, but there is, nevertheless, a definite feeling best expressed by the old man who spoke to Ralph as he stood at the rail of the Boston-to-Bath boat: "Maine blood in ye, ain't there, lad? Man can always tell."

MARY STACK MCNIFF

THE TRIAL OF OLIVER PLUNKETT

By Alice Curtayne. Sheed & Ward. 239p. $3

This is a fine book about a little-known man, Oliver Plunkett, and his connection with the Popish Plot—that series of lies concocted by Titus Oates about Catholic plots to dethrone Charles II, seize the Government and establish the Catholic Church in Britain.

Though history shows that the Popish Plot was the deathblow to English Catholics, the readers of history rarely associate this fantastic hoax with actual people. Miss Curtayne has written of one of the individuals caught in the surge of anti-Catholicism generated by the plot and the struggle between Charles II and Shaftesbury's Parliamentarians. In this treatment of the Irish side of the plot, she has focused on the three-hour trial on June 8, 1681 of Oliver Plunkett, the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh. The result is an inspiring account of the saintly Irish martyr.

Miss Curtayne has transcribed the verbatim report of Plunkett's trial, frequently interjecting needed background material from contemporary news-sheets, diaries and modern historians. She has given very readable versions of present-day lawyers' analyses of the evidence presented in the trial, with analyses of her own.

Scholars will find fault with the author for her failure to give sources for some of her material and for her refusal to give specific references to documents cited. However, the book will give the general reader a better understanding of the continuing struggle between the Catholic Church and its adversaries. The conflicts between Archbishop Plunkett and his clerical brethren in the handling of the Irish Rapparees, his settlement of the dispute between Dominicans and Franciscans in his province and the resulting hostility to him, and the testimony (and later retractions) of apostate priests and laymen against him—all are here.

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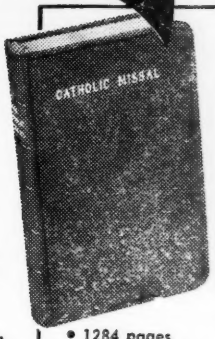

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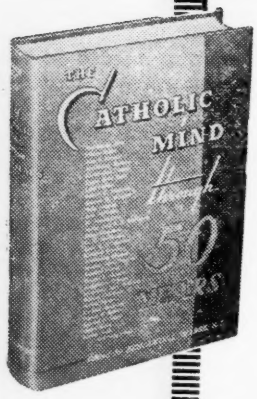

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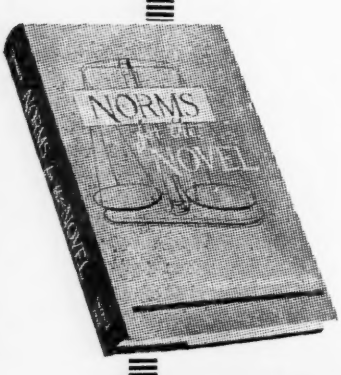

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WILLIAM C. MCAVOY

THE WILD PLACE

By Kathryn Hulme. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 275p. $3.75

Wildflecken, a camp in the Bavarian mountains where twenty thousand displaced Poles were housed after the close of the late war, is the wild place that gives this book its title. Once a training center for Nazi ski troops, its barracks were turned over to the people Hitler had used to man his war industries while they awaited the opportunity to return to their native land. The author, member of an UNRRA team, came there in 1945, little thinking that her job of deputy camp director would stretch out for five years while the world was ransacked for a place where these unfortunate people and thousands more who poured into the camp might find homes.

Though she held an official position at Wildflecken, there is nothing impersonal about Miss Hulme's account of these years. She assumes the role of camp mother and as she tells the story, the impression is of the individual person, his reaction to distress and frustration, his effort to accommodate himself to the unnatural conditions of life in a crowded barracks. Not that the background of railroad cars filled with human freight and the immensity of the camp are overlooked. But the individual DP is always in the foreground.

There is Ignatz, her chauffeur and trusted aide, who epitomizes the finest qualities among these people so haphazardly thrown together; Madame Stanislawa, the gifted aristocrat, who took upon herself the task of rebuilding the human wrecks of Dachau; and many others who are not the less real if nameless. There are heart-warming tales of invincible human dignity, and humorous stories, too, of blundering military inspections and altercations with the neighboring German farmers.

Miss Hulme has given a valuable insight into one of the great post-war problems by emphasizing the impact on particular persons of being uprooted and unwanted. This story of her unique experience has transformed the abstractions of official statistics into a compassionate account of salvaging human persons to bring home the point that we all are called on to be our brother's keeper. JOHN J. RYAN JR.

DEAR MRS. BOSWELL

By Marie Muir. St. Martin's Press. 310p. $3.50

That bright ornament on the breast of eighteenth-century London, James Boswell, has had such polishing of late as to become a trifle blinding. Since the tarnish on the reverse of the medal was lightly treated by the great journalist himself, his admirers have accepted it in much the same spirit, but not so Mrs. Muir. To her it has occurred to wonder what Mrs. Boswell thought of it all. She has taken the stoutish, complacent Scotsman who was Jamie Boswell, tepid suitor, affectionate but venal husband, improvident father and irresponsible landlord, and looked at him with the glamor removed. In this "chronicle within the framework of fact" Mr. Boswell is no hero.

Peggie Montgomerie, the handsome first cousin whom he married for want of a better match, devoted herself lovingly and valiantly to her husband's best interests as she saw them, but to her his "scribbling" made no sense. It was not, in her eyes, a legitimate occupation for a man with a family to support, a career to build and an irascible old father to appease by industry. The hours spent at his desk were to Peggie just another bad habit, like his devotion to Dr. Johnson, like his debauchery with drink and women, his prolonged absences from home, his extravagances and debts.

She cherished him, bore him five children who lived and others who did not, waited, coughing, in dark streets to bring him home and urged him to work at the law. But for that interminable diary of his she had no patience. She was truly the anchor that Dr. Johnson called her. She did her best to get him to settle down in Edinburgh, and later at lovely Auchinleck when he became its laird.

There she herself came close to finding peace and health, but to Boswell there was only one place for a man of fashion and a would-be author and that was London. Thither Peggie dragged her consumption-racked body, and there, in the shabby study, the life of Jamie's friend Johnson was finished. But his "dearest life" was not there to see the end of it. Dear Mrs. Boswell was dead.

MARJORIE HOLLIGAN

PAN-SLAVISM: Its History and Ideology

By Hans Kohn. U. of Notre Dame. 356p. $6.25

The present book is the first account in the English language of the Pan-Slav idea and movement. Filling as it does a strange and lamentable gap in our historical and political literature, it would be highly welcome even if it came from the pen of a writer less well qualified for the task than Hans Kohn, professor of history at City College, New York. Born in

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Prague, the very center of ethnic strife in the polyglot Habsburg empire, a prisoner of war in multi-national Russia during World War I and the revolutionary period following it, Dr. Kohn is the author of outstanding works on the origin of modern nationalism of which Pan-Slavism has constituted such a significant part.

The volume deserves to be widely read not only on account of the qualifications of its author. It presents and analyzes an ideology which has recently won great practical importance in current international affairs. After having been at first repudiated by the rulers of the Soviet Union as an imperialist design of Tsarist Russia, Pan-Slavism was revived by them in the nineteen-forties and elevated to the position of an official doctrine in the service of their expansionist policies.

In the last chapter Dr. Kohn discusses the emergence of Soviet Pan-Slavism in great detail. Its most triumphant manifestation was, according to him, the Pan-Slav Congress held at Belgrade in 1946. With Marshal Tito's defection from Moscow in 1948, "the new Pan-Slavism . . . came to an end," at least in the sense of a more or less genuinely inter-Slavic movement.

The tendency of Great Russian nationalists to identify the ideal of Pan-Slav solidarity with Pan-Russian pure and simple is older than communism. Throughout the nineteenth century Great Russian "bourgeois" nationalists asserted similar hegemonic claims, both with regard to cultural and political matters, and by doing so dampened considerably the Pan-Slav enthusiasm of the lesser brethren in the Slavonic family of nations.

The appeal of the Pan-Slav ideology has remained comparatively weak also on account of the diversity of traditions and interests among the several members of the Slav community. Czechs and Poles particularly have always been most strongly attached to Western ideas and institutions, and therefore have been reluctant to recognize any overriding loyalties to the ideal of Slav brotherhood.

Professor Kohn is inclined to think that the Pan-Slav program of a voluntary union of all Slavs into a powerful whole is likely to fail to materialize in the future. For the same reason he hopes that the present enforcement of conformity and loyalty among the Slav peoples "may prove a weakening factor in the vast Moscow empire and may help to restore there one day the principles of liberty, equality and diversity on which the Pan-Slav movement insisted in 1848."

ERICH HULA

BELA FABIAN is the author of *Cardinal Mindszenty.*

RICHARD H. DILLON is head of the Sutro Branch of the California State Library in San Francisco.

WILLIAM C. MCAVOY is assistant professor of English at St. Louis University.

ERICH HULA lectures in the Political and Social Science Department of the New School for Social Research, New York City.

THE WORD

"There is One standing in your midst . . . who, though He comes after me, takes rank before me. I am not worthy to untie the strap of His shoes" (John 1:26-27; Gospel for third Sunday of Advent).

In a sense, the Gospel for the third Sunday of Advent tells the whole story of that magnificent man, John called the Baptist. An official delegation comes from the most influential people of the day to invite John to talk about himself; and John, after a few unvarnished and brutally honest monosyllables, proceeds at once to talk about Someone else. Such, saving only details, is the history of John the Baptist. He is the symbol and perfect example of dedicated altruism.

It goes without saying that the most universal and most stubborn and, sometimes, the most subtle and cunning of all human shortcomings is selfishness. If anyone wishes, we will amiably add that selfishness is likewise the most understandable of man's weaknesses. It stems directly from the number-one human instinct of self-preservation and is, therefore, the most *natural* of all vices. The matter-of-fact selfishness of small children is blood-curdling, and so, on close inspection, is the more disguised self-seeking of quite normal grownups. It follows that truly altruistic behavior is the most lovable and inspiring of all human activity. Of course it is also most costly for the altruist.

The selflessness of John the Baptist was heroic in degree. The divinely appointed herald of Christ our Lord was by no means an obscure person in his day. His birth had attracted very general notice, his youth had been striking in its aloofness and isolation, his appearance on the banks of Jordan had caused high and lasting religious excitement. At his peak, John was the center of all Jewish eyes.

Thus situated, John made it his whole effort to direct attention *away* from himself. The Baptist enjoyed, or at least occupied, center-stage at one of the crucial moments in human history, and he used the spotlight to play the part of a pointing figure. His own description of himself is mercilessly accurate: he was a voice, nothing more; a voice that only cried the Name of Another. He provided his own autobiography in a hard, sharp epigram which is utterly typical of him: *"He* must increase, but I must decrease."

The authentic nobility of complete unselfishness is not at all unknown in mankind's contemporary affairs, though often enough the high heroism is veiled by every conceivable commonplace of external circumstance. People, just as the foolish and frenzied observer is about to despair of them altogether, keep revealing the most astonishing capacity for totally unselfish dedication to a person or a cause.

We have all known the attractive and vivacious young girl who never married because there simply was no one else to take care of an ailing father. We have met the splendid middle-aged bachelor who has so generously devoted himself and his entire life, perhaps unnecessarily and mistakenly, to his widowed mother. Above all, we Catholics know many nuns. No, the dedicated selflessness of John the Baptist has not gone completely out of human style.

There is no good in objecting because pure altruism does not seem to flourish in the subway. The test case is not fair: the subway is, in effect, not only a subterranean but a subhuman institution.

One realizes more and more clearly why John the Baptist keeps reappearing in the Advent liturgy. Christmas is in every sense the feast of unselfishness, and John is in every sense the herald and true acolyte of the Christ-Mass. VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

FILMS

CEASE FIRE! is about as authentic a reproduction of the combat conditions of today's foot soldier as is likely to be found on any commercial screen. To obtain this effect scenarist-director Owen Crump took a small technical staff to Korea several months ago and there photographed the film (in 3D) with a cast composed entirely of ac-

tual GIs. The story is simply the re-enactment of a routine but dangerous patrol assignment undertaken, to add a note of irony, on the day that the long-drawn-out conferences in Panmunjom finally result in a "cease fire" order.

No attempt has been made to give the film epic proportions or to make it carry any unnatural burden of significance. And the characterizations of the individual members of the squad are elementary. Nevertheless, simply by showing in realistic fashion the hazards of the patrol—the advance through shell fire which is no less deadly because it comes from friendly guns, the tedious and frightening exploration of an uncharted mine field and finally the over-running, with the aid of an Air Force strike, of an enemy position—the picture mounts a stirring tribute to the dogged, matter-of-fact courage of the American soldier. It will furnish an absorbing and salutary vicarious experience for the *family*. *(Paramount)*

EASY TO LOVE. This new Esther Williams vehicle is a picture that is quite easy to hate. In the first place it was made in part in Cypress Gardens, Florida, perhaps the most over-photographed and over-publicized spot in the United States. For a few brief, happy moments at the beginning it appears that the film intends to satirize the vulgar displays and high-pressure publicity methods of the Gardens' semi-fictional owner (Van Johnson). Before long, however, it is going them one better, what with Technicolor production numbers staged in a flower-filled pool shaped like the State of Florida, a whole string section perched uncomfortably and ludicrously among the cypress trees, and a climactic water ski-ballet which has everything including Miss Williams' double doing a high-dive from a helicopter.

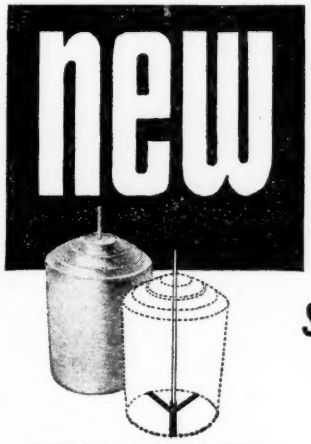
In the second place, the plot which binds these garish visual effects together is outstandingly tenuous, tedious and witless even for a musical. Esther briefly encourages the suits of her swimming partner (John Bromfield) and an extraneous crooner (Tony Martin) while she waits for the inevitable moment when her preoccupied boss will realize that she is the girl for him. The total effect for *adults* is certainly eye-filling but is just as certainly an awful bore.

(MGM)

CALAMITY JANE is a sort of poor man's *Annie Get Your Gun*. This time it is Doris Day who plays the frenetic, buckskin-clad, unwashed frontier gal who is too good at competing with men in the field of masculine skills to land one matrimonially. To make the parallel unmistakable the object of her affections, Wild Bill Hickok, is Howard Keel (who played Buffalo Bill in the movie version of *Annie*). The ugly-duckling-turned-into-a-swan plot line is haphazardly pieced together without much rhyme or reason and the score is anything but distinguished. Still the players (especially Miss Day) are energetic and attractive and the picture is prettily Technicolored, harmless and makes fairly lively *family* entertainment.

(Warner)

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN is in the welcome new tradition of sport biographies and in one respect goes the recent *Joe Louis Story* one better. Its hero, Elroy Hirsch, former All-American half-back and presently star pass-catching end for the Los Angeles Rams, is played with surprising naturalness and charm by himself. Cannily produced by Hall Bartless (Navajo), the picture is a typical American success story, its only real conflict being generated by Hirsch's struggle to make a comeback after a head injury had apparently retired



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him permanently from football. With its simple but honest values and its striking use of newsreel shots of its star in action, it is a very likable movie especially for *family* sports fans. *(Republic)*

MOIRA WALSH

THEATRE

THE SHRIKE, with José Ferrer starred as the tormented husband, the role he created in the Pulitzer Prize play, is the second of four productions scheduled by the New York City Center Theatre Company for the winter season at City Center Theatre. Judith Evelyn is also starred in the role she played in the original production. Leigh Whipper, Philip Huston, Mary Bell and Rica Martens are other members of the original company who are repeating their roles.

Mr. Ferrer, whose portrayal of the trapped husband in the Broadway production won so many deserved laurels, gives an even stronger performance in the revival, as if he has gained a deeper insight into the character. That is also true of Miss Evelyn's delicate portraiture of the determined wife, one of the most subtle roles any actress ever tackled. Supporting roles, in most instances, are as capably performed as they were in the virgin production.

It is hardly necessary to remind any one that *The Shrike* is the story of a man who is committed to a psychiatric ward after attempting suicide, and is held there until his wife demands his release. This the lady refuses to do until he promises to stop running around with another woman. On second viewing, the drama retains the strength and poignancy it possessed when it was fresh from Joseph Kramm's typewriter. It is an admirably well-written play, with few noticeable flaws in its dramatic carpentry. It has authentic characterization, emotional veracity and the smell and tedium of life in a hospital, not to mention the tensions of a psychiatric ward.

After conceding the over-all competence of Mr. Kramm's craftsmanship, it may seem captious to call attention to the one serious defect in his play, especially since the delinquency might have been a point of merit. Reflecting the contemporary ethical climate, as drama should, *The Shrike*, accidentally or by the author's intention, lends support to the modern fallacy that a man has a right to his happiness, find it where he may.

Dramatic sympathy is slanted away from the wife trying to keep her marriage intact toward the husband who wants to wander, an evaluation contrary to Christian morals.

The production was directed by Mr. Kramm and Mr. Ferrer, Howard Bay designed the sets and lighting, and Emeline Roche decided how the doctors, nurses, patients and visitors should be clothed. *Richard III* is next up in the City Center program, with *Charlie's Aunt* following.

DON JUAN TENORIO, presented at the Broadhurst by Domingo Blanco and J. C. Del Pozo, was the lead-off play of a repertory of Spanish drama, with Alejandro Ulloa starred in the title role. Although I am as ignorant of Spanish as a frog is of Latin, I am familiar with several of the numerous variations of the Don Juan legend. I enjoyed the Spanish rendering of the legend as pantomime and spectacle.

If I were assured that the Spanish Theatre will be an annual event from now on, the Berlitz School would have another customer.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

PARADE

IS THE ABOLITION OF DEATH and taxes the only thing that cannot happen? . . . The age-old question was dragged out of oblivion once more because of the character of the week's news. . . . Just about everything seemed to be happening everywhere. . . . Friendships laughed at finances. . . . In New Haven, Conn., a divorcing wife gave up her claim to alimony to keep custody of the family poodle, Snowball. . . . Dead cats snarled traffic. . . . In Naples, a woman had to move the funeral services for her cat to a park after 1,000 cat-lovers blocked the street fronting her home. . . . Live humans added to urban congestion. . . . In a busy section of Pittsburgh, an unknown character painted a green signal red. . . . In Sacramento, police discovered that one of the drivers involved in a collision was blind. . . . As the week's events piled up higher and higher, stronger and stronger became the suspicion that anything can happen except the abolition of death and taxes. . . . Indigestion led to bullets. . . . In Chicago, a patron in a restaurant turned to the stranger on the next stool and commented: "I shouldn't have ordered that hamburger. I don't feel so good." The stranger first replied: "You ought to know better than to order hamburgers," then pulled out a revolver, fired one shot at the indigestion sufferer, missed, ran out and drove away. The hamburger-eater told police: "I can't understand it. Outside of shooting at me, the man seemed like a perfect gentleman."

Young fry made news. . . . In Denver, six boys, ranging from nine years to twelve in age, were questioned by police about burglaries they had committed. "How do you expect us to remember?" one of the tots asked. "We pulled some of those jobs when we were just little kids." . . . As day followed day, the pages of the newspapers bulged with strange tales. . . . Homing cats were reported. . . . From Texas, a cat which had jumped from the family car and become lost in Tulsa last September, traveled more than 1,500 miles all alone, reached its Fresno, Calif., home last week. . . . People found themselves doing things they had never done before. . . . In Houston, a judge, arriving in court, discovered he was wearing his fifteen-year-old grandson's suit, the sleeves and trousers of which were much too short for His Honor. . . . Difficulty in distinguishing human beings from dumb beasts was observed. . . . In Delta, Colo., a young hunter in a tree was mistaken for a bear, shot and slightly wounded. . . . Even law guardians were mistaken for brutes. . . . In Detroit Lakes, Minn., when a sheriff knocked on a school door, the teacher came at him with an upraised baseball bat. She thought he was a stray goat which had been butting pupils. . . . Old bars lured men on. . . . In California, a paroled convict knocked on the San Quentin prison gate, and asked for his former cell back. He explained: "My in-laws are driving me mad. I need peace and quiet."

The statement that anything can happen except the abolition of death and taxes is not altogether accurate. . . . To become more accurate, the phrase beginning with "except" should read: "except for the abolition of death and (perhaps) taxes and one other Thing." . . . That other Thing is the Church Christ founded. . . . The promise of Christ that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against His Church has been verified for two thousand years. . . . Since Christ is God, that promise will continue to be verified in the centuries ahead. . . . To be accurate and complete, therefore, the statement must read: "Anything can happen except the abolition of death and (perhaps) taxes and the Catholic Church."

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Farm prices and incomes

EDITOR: Your treatment of the farm price question in your Nov. 14 Comment, "Are farmers really in a jam?" is misleading because it ignores several important facts. It is true that the prices received by farmers have gone up 250 per cent in the past 40 years. However, the prices paid by farmers have increased 275 per cent during the same period. Obviously, an increased income is not advantageous when buying power is actually decreasing.

Your editorial suggests that 91 per cent of parity represents a far cry from bankruptcy. Must we be content with everything short of bankruptcy for our farmers? We are concerned about a 91-per-cent-of-parity ratio because the costs of production on American farms today are exceedingly high. Farmers of our nation spent $23.4 billion growing last year's crops, which absorbed 63 per cent of their gross earnings. Never before have farmers been so vulnerable to sharp fluctuations in prices.

Moreover, the concern of farmers is not chiefly over the decreases of income sustained thus far, but rather the uncertainty of what the future holds. Secretary Benson has spoken frequently of better prices for farmers in the future by reason of improvements in the world trade situation. Those of us who have studied the world trade situation are convinced that the future holds worse, not better, prospects for the American farmer.

When the farm people get a reasonable answer to these problems, there will be no "wailing" over farm prices.

(REV.) EDWARD W. O'ROURKE
Member, Advisory Committee, National Catholic Rural Life Conference
Champaign, Ill.

Catholics in Sweden

EDITOR: Your estimate of the number of Catholic Swedish nationals (AM. 11/21, p. 190) is a bit high. Actually, there are only 6,000 Swedish-born Catholics. Of the 46 priests in Sweden, only 6 are natives. I refer to the statistics released June 1, 1953 by the St. Ansgar's Scandinavian League.

While it is true that "refugees have a way of bringing to other countries the blessings of the faith for which they have been persecuted at home," yet one of the acute problems facing the Church in Sweden today concerns precisely these refugees from Poland and the Baltic States. The traditional tendency among the Swedes to consider the Church a foreign society is still prevalent. The Swedish people, relatively unharmed by two world wars, enjoy a high standard of living and tend to look down upon these Catholics as lower-class.

The Church, under the leadership of Bishop Johannes Mueller, is attempting to solve this problem and a number of charitable organizations have been established to provide material necessities for these refugees. The elevation of Stockholm to a diocese brings great spiritual joy and encouragement to these heroic Catholics living in a country 99 per cent Lutheran.

R. MILTON BRACKETT, S.J.
Weston, Mass.

Christmas gift suggestions

EDITOR: I read with interest Miss Marshall's thoughts on religious gifts for Christmas in Feature "X" (11/14).

For years I have given subscriptions to Catholic magazines as Christmas gifts to doctors and dentists who are our community benefactors. It is interesting and heartening to find these magazines in the waiting rooms of these good men, placed there for the convenience of their patients.

In school, I provide for the pupils addresses of Catholic publications and booksellers together with a list of titles of suggested magazines and books. The pupils make their own choices for gifts to their families and friends. BRO. CLEMENT PATRICK
Troy, New York

Correction

EDITOR: It has been brought to my attention by friends of mine in the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics that a statement in my article, "Government aid to the aircraft industry" (AM. 9/5) was misleading.

I said that "a great part of the NACA budget does go directly to the colleges and universities for pure and applied research." Actually I was thinking as a college faculty member (which I was at the time I wrote the article) in that the sum of money which the NACA spends annually in colleges and universities is quite impressive from the schools' point of view, whereas it is really only a small percentage of the annual NACA budget. JAMES B. KELLEY
Uniondale, N. Y.